SPECIAL APRIL FOOL ISSUE!

MAD

OUR PRICE 25¢ CHEAP!

No. 54 April '60

THIS MAGAZINE IS REVOLTING

...against Conformity!

How we retired at the age of 11 with $800 a month

"Like many other 11-year-olds, my twin sister Rhoda and I had been dreaming of retiring for a long time. After all, we weren't getting any younger. We'd begun to notice that running up and down the two flights of stairs in our grammar school sometimes made us puff. And very often, when jumping off our front porch, we got like drawing pains in our ankles. Both of these, we knew, were sure signs of advancing age.

"So we thought about retiring. We figured out that if we saved half our combined weekly allowances, we would eventually have $500. Which isn't bad money. However, we wanted to retire at 11, not 101!

"Then, one day, while thumbing through a magazine, we came across an ad for the Phonyex Mutual Retirement Income Plan. It pointed out that any forty-year-old could retire in 15 years with $300 a month for life.

"Well, although we were only 11, Rhoda and I were so anxious to retire that we decided to look into this exciting and unusual plan anyway. And, as you might well imagine, we discovered an exciting and unusual loophole. Namely that any forty-year-old could retire in 15 years with $300 a month, providing he first shelled out exciting and unusual premium payments. Something like $2000 a year for those 15 exciting and unusual years.

"So Rhoda and I went up to the Phonyex Mutual Offices, and we told the people there what we had discovered about their exciting and unusual retirement income plan. Mainly, that the only ones who could afford it were people who were so rich they had retired already!

"Naturally, the folks at Phonyex Mutual begged us to keep our little secret to ourselves, and we told them we would think about it.

"So now Rhoda and I are living on a huge estate in Florida, enjoying life. We like it so much, we intend to spend the remainder of our twilight years—say another 80, give or take 10—right here.

"And on the first of every month, like clock-work, we get our check for $800 for Phonyex Mutual—in one of the most exciting and unusual blackmail deals cooked up this century.

"We heartily recommend similar retirement plans to all 11-year-olds thinking of retiring. Just remember this: go find other companies with exciting and unusual loopholes. The suckers at Phonyex Mutual are all ours!"

Send for Free Booklet

The preceding story is not typical at all. Our lawyers are working on this case right now, and one of these days we'll have those two fresh, blackmailing brats in jail. However, we assure you that you can retire in 15 years with wonderful monthly checks from us. Our payment plans are simple, and *any* millionaire can afford them. But even if you know you *can't*, why not fill in the coupon below and mail it off anyway? We've got tons of regular insurance literature here in our offices, and we're dying to find people to send it to. When you get right down to it—sly little sneaks that we are—this is the *real* reason we place these ads!

PHONYEX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES OUR FUTURE

OVER 100 YEARS
OF COME-ON ADS FOR SUCKERS
LOOKING FOR THE SOFT LIFE

PHONYEX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
815 Security Street, Peace-of-Mind, Conn.

Please mail me, with plenty of obligation, your free 28-page booklet showing new requirement income plans I can't afford.

Also send me one ton of insurance literature ☐ Two tons ☐
Three tons ☐ Your whole office-full ☐
Your whole warehouse-full ☐

Name _____

Address _____

Names and Addresses of friends who like to receive insurance mail

_____

NUMBER 54 APRIL 1960

MAD

"It's a good idea to keep your words soft and sweet because you never know when you'll have to eat them!"
Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein
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Printed in U.S.A.

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Let's attract better men by paying politicians for ad testimonials. The dishonest claims are better than dishonest officials.

TELEVISION AROUND THE WORLD..11

When an American TV show is shown abroad, changes have to be made. The one that ought to be made is: denying its U. S. origin.

THE INTERPRETER 17

Since the interpreter is so important, Ike should take an expert to Russia. It's tough enough understanding him in English.

PEOPLE'S GARBAGE 26

We learned something when we plowed through garbage pails for this article . . . mainly, that's where all the copies of **MAD** end up.

DISTINCTIVE PICKET LINES 28

Strikers who follow our advice might gather some sympathy from passers-by, not for their demands but for their state of mind.

MY FAIR AD-MAN 31

MAD adapts the familiar Pygmalion plot to an up-to-date Madison Avenue local, and makes a fool out of itself, for Shaw!

DOCTORS' PROGRESS 41

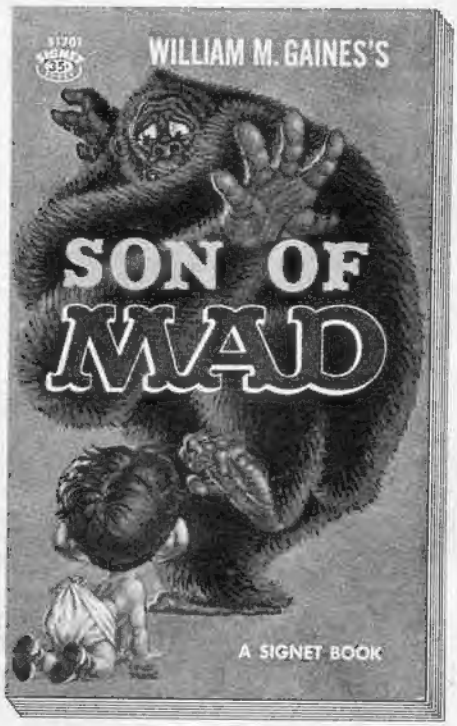
MAD salutes our American doctors by revealing the fantastic progress they've made, raising their high standards . . . of living!

MOVIE LAND MAGAZINE.....43

MAD's version of a movie magazine may get a strong reaction from Hollywood; mainly, your editor might end up seeing some stars.

IT'S BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE

as you'll discover when you give the latest MAD pocket-sized book . . .



. . . because you'll receive it right back in your face!

So our advice is: after you've finished reading this 7th collection of idiocies from past issues of **MAD**, which joins "The **MAD** Reader," "**MAD** Strikes Back," "Inside **MAD**," "Utterly **MAD**," "The Brothers **MAD**," and "The Bedside **MAD**," make sure you don't try giving it away!

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND OR YOURS BY MAIL FOR 40¢

The Complete Collection . . . for $2.25

MAD POCKET DEPARTMENT
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

☐ I enclose 40c for **SON OF MAD**

☐ I enclose $2.25 for **THE COMPLETE COLLECTION**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

LETTERS DEPT.

RECOMMENDATION

Six months ago I was looking for a copywriter to round out the staff, and I got a line on a man who had just been fired from another agency. While checking his references, I called an executive at his previous agency to find out why they dropped him. He talked vaguely at first, not wanting to be a character assassin, but finally he got to the meat of it. "Well, for one thing," he said, "he's a *hi-fi* bug—not that there's anything wrong with that, mind you; but he also—well, he'd buy *records* and bring them to me in the office and ask me if I ever heard them, and I'd never heard *of* them! Not that there's anything wrong with buying nutty records, mind you; but he also—well, he reads *MAD Magazine!*" Needless to say, I hired him, and he has become one of our best men.

David Barbour
Copy Chief
BBD&O
New York City

Obviously, he doesn't read it carefully enough!—Ed.

NO DOOR!

Ach du Lieber! Better der VOLKS Wagen iss havink der shtoopid hole by der roof, so der crazy Captain can oudt getten! Der car got eine doorhandle, aber no door! Your artist ist ein Dummkopf!

Herr Douglas Dunn
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Our artist says, "*Du bist ein dummkopf!* Der door ist on der udder side!" — Ed.

Hi! Marginal Marvin again . . . with a new game that makes any clod into a gag cartoonist if he can draw an "O" or an "X"! I call this great new game "MAD Y'OX"!

PROTEST LETTERS

For your information, the common house-fly does not belong to the *Genus* Diptera. The house fly is a member of the Phylum *Arthropeda*, the Class *Hexopoda*, the Order *Diptera*, the Family *Muscidae*, the Genus *Musca*, and the Species *Domestica*. I realize this might sound trivial to you, but I assure you the fly feels quite strongly about it. How would you like to be called something you are not? Like "journalist," maybe?

Richard W. Nagle
Catholic University
Washington, D.C.

This is a letter of protest about your "Protest Letters'" article in the Jan. issue (#52). As an entomologist, it is my duty to your readers to warn them about your flagrant misuse of scientific nomenclature. Any half-witted, bug-brained fly-lover knows that "Diptera" is an *order*, and not a *genus!* You must have gotten thousands of letters like this.

J. G. Cummins
Columbia University
New Yok City

That's right! From thousands of half-witted, bug-brained fly-lovers!—Ed.

MAD TRUCKS

Attached is a photo of one of our fleet of trucks advertising MAD. It's a great magazine, and has tremendous acceptance here in Detroit. You will be pleased to know that the trucks have attracted a great deal of attention cruising around the streets of Detroit and environs, and have subjected the drivers of these vehicles to a lot of good-natured kidding.

Ivan Ludington, Jr.
Ludington News Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Like having rocks thrown at them?—Ed.

YOU GET NINE ISSUES FOR THE PRICE OF EIGHT SO YOU SAVE 25¢ WHEN YOU SUBSCRIBE TO MAD

(But you waste $2.00 doing it!)

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

I enclose $2.00. Put me on your subscription list, and send me the next nine issues of MAD. I understand that I would have had to pay $2.25 if I'd gone to a newsstand to buy them. Of course, I also would have had the chance to change my mind and spend the money on something worthwhile!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZONE _____

NOTE: Allow 8 weeks for subscription to be processed

All you have to do to play "MAD Y'OX"! is: think of a gag caption, and then illustrate it with O's and X's . . . like the following . . .

AN EVENING WITH FRED ASTAIRE

While watching "Another Evening With Fred Astaire" on Wednesday, Nov. 4, I was shocked to suddenly see Alfred E. Neuman doing a dance number. Did my eyes deceive me, or was it really him? And if so, what was a low-class bum like him doing on a high-class show like that?

Gary Auten
Denver, Colorado

In my opinion, Alfie deserves an "Emmy," and a show of his own.

Marie L. Woods
National City, Cal.

Boy, you guys have even warped Fred Astaire's mind with that magazine of yours. That's right! Good ol' Fred was dressed up as Alfred E. Neuman on his recent telecast.

Lon Pinkowitz
Ridgefield, N. J.

Was it or was it not Alfred E. Neuman on the recent Fred Astaire TV show. We couldn't be sure, because two seconds after he appeared, the tube exploded!

Ken Boldt
Cary, Ill.

Alfie stole the whole show. He was fabulous.

A. J. May
New Orleans, La.

His stupid face ruined the whole show.

Curtis Croulet
San Diego, Cal.

Boy, I sure hope, for Alfie's sake, that his girlfriend, Moxie, doesn't find out about his "Chase-ing" around.

Dave McClelland
Rochester, Mich.

Fred as Alfred

Chase-ing Around

CONFUSED

I am a confused MAD reader, mainly because when you guys write an article, sometimes you write it across a whole double-page spread like this, and then sometimes you write it across one page like this for a while, and then across the other page like this. Please make up your minds!

Phyllis Hendry
Detroit, Mich.

REQUEST

Why don't you sprain your brain and come out every month?

Mrs. Tom Mills
Arlington, Wash.

Because we fracture our brains coming out eight-times-a-year!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Dept. 54, Room 706, 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12, New York

A LOVABLE APRIL FOOL

. . . and his money are soon parted, especially when he falls for this ad and spends it on a full-color reproduction of Alfred E. Neuman, our "What—Me Worry?" kid. So don't **you** be an "April Fool!" Send for your copy in **March!** Mail 25c to: Dept. "What—Color?", c/o MAD, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR LAUGHS

TRY THE TWO BIGGEST LAUGHS IN THE PUBLISHING INDUSTRY...

MAD FOR KEEPS AND MAD FOREVER

MAD FOR KEEPS

MAD FOREVER

These hard-bound de-luxe anthologies contain the best material (each different) from past issues of **MAD** Magazine. You get 128 pages of riotous material, many in vivid color, and a forward by Ernie Kovacs in **MAD FOR KEEPS.** You get 136 pages of hilarious satire, also many in vivid color, with an introduction by Steve Allen in **MAD FOREVER.** Yes, if you're looking for laughs, these two anthologies are the biggest laughs in the publishing industry! Mainly, they think we were crazy to print 'em!

MAD ANTHOLOGY DEPARTMENT
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N. Y.

Yes, I'm looking for laughs, and I know I'll get plenty, mainly because my friends'll think I'm crazy for ordering:

☐ **MAD FOR KEEPS** ☐ **MAD FOREVER**

(Indicate number of copies of each)
I enclose $2.95 per copy ordered.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **ZONE** _____

STATE _____

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Today, most of the characters who enter politics are either millionaires, crooks, or nuts! Mainly because careers in government service just don't pay well enough to attract top-calibre people. On the other hand, Madison Avenue continues to pay out gobs of big money for ad testimonials from famous athletes and entertainers,

Ad Testimonials

"That Unsightly, Plastered-Down Look Almost Wrecked My Political Career!"

"I used to dream of having hair that looked like I'd slept in it," says now-unkempt Senator Jack Kennedy, perennial middle-aged boy wonder of the political arena. "Instead, my hair had a greasy, plastered-down look that made people distrust me! And what I used to do to an antimacassar was a crime! Then I tried VITALIS, and the VITALIS Hair-Torture Test. Thanks to VITALIS, today my hair has the tortured look that wins new friends wherever I go! So, if you have any Presidential ambitions like me, I advise you to try VITALIS!"

Vitalis HAIR TONIC

"PROTECT YOUR HAIR WITH VITALIS WHEN YOU THROW YOUR HAT IN THE RING!"

WRITER: TOM KOCH

who really don't need the loot. In view of this MAD asks: why not make politics a more lucrative profession by encouraging ad agencies to spread some of their huge advertising budgets among the men who are in (or who are trying to get into) government service? Then, we'd see things like these utterly ridiculous . . .

"Whaddya mean 'strike'? That was a mile too high!"

from Politicians

HAROLD STASSEN, America's Outstanding Political Failure says:

I'm from Minneapolis and I ought to know

"A fellow with my knack for never getting elected to anything naturally begins to have some doubts about himself after a while. But I've found one thing that's really great for conquering those Election Night blues. Mainly, I drown my sorrows the light, refreshing, "fun" way . . . with BLATZ!"

WIN OR LOSE

Tie One On The Way Experienced Politicians Do . . . Drink

Blatz Beer

"WHEATIES give me the lift I need for PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS"

SAYS

ADLAI STEVENSON

FREQUENT RUNNER-UP IN MAJOR POLITICAL RACES

"I always finish way ahead of the Socialists, the Prohibitionists, and even the big brawny Vegetarian candidates when I train for my campaigns the nutritious and body-building "WHEATIES" way! Unfortunately, in recent races, my Republican opponents have been able to match my stamina. So why not move up to at least second place in whatever you do, like me, with a daily energy breakfast of WHEATIES with milk and fruit? That is, unless you can find out what breakfast cereal Republicans eat! When you do, please tell me!

START YOUR DAY . . . EVERY DAY . . . WITH

WHEATIES

"THE BREAKFAST OF ALSO-RANS"

"Can't we send your kid brother to the movies?"

"I Never Dreamed That Bausch & Lomb CONTACT LENSES

COULD MAKE ME SO MUCH MORE ATTRACTIVE!"

SAYS HARRY S. TRUMAN
Former Federal Employee

"I figured I was doomed to spend my whole %#$!&# life wearing those regular #$%&# unsightly glasses because I'm really blind as a #$%¢!%# bat!" says the formerly unattractive former Federal Employee HARRY S. TRUMAN, resident of Independence, Mo.

"Then I asked my #$%&$ optometrist what in ¢%$# I could do to discard my unsightly glasses and be alluring to women (other than Bess, who doesn't see too good herself)! I'll be a #%!# if the guy doesn't answer by fitting me with a pair of contact lenses!"

"Talk about your dashing youthful-looking #$%&% lady-killers, here I am in my brand new Bausch & Lomb contact lenses. My double-breasted suits still make me look like I'm a square and slightly unattractive, I admit, but from the neck up, I'm a #% living doll!"

Bausch & Lomb CONTACT LENSES

"YOU'LL REALLY SEE SWELL BEHIND B & L!"

"If you want to be the life of the party...

LEARN VENTRILOQUISM!"

Says Jim Hagerty, Popular Washington Entertainer

"I turned White House press conferences into S.R.O. smash hits merely by learning to project my voice so it sounds like it's coming from another part of the room. You too, can learn ventriloquism at home — as I did! It's easy! It's fun! And it's *profitable!*"

ACME

SCHOOL OF VENTRILOQUISM

1337 S. Broadway, New York 62, N. Y.

"SLICK DICK"

NIXON

Star Vice-President Of the U.S.A. says:

I LOOK SHARP..... I FEEL SHARP...
I AM SHARP..... THANKS TO MY
NEW ADJUSTABLE GILLETTE RAZOR!

"After a hot day of campaigning (without actually admitting I'm doing it), nothing helps me overcome the strain of having to be nice to people like a refreshing Gillette Adjustable Razor shave!"

"I set the blade angle on my new Adjustable Gillette Razor at "5" for a medium beard. This clever move convinces any skeptics who may be watching that I'm really just an average sort of fellow!"

"When lathering up for my Gillette shave, I usually resemble Santa Claus, which you've got to admit is a new twist in my campaign to create a lovable and benign picture of me for the voting public!"

"In no time at all, I'm finished except for the transfusion. My friends tell me that, thanks to my new Gillette Adjustable Razor, I'm going to make the handsomest President since Millard Fillmore!"

THE NEW ADJUSTABLE

Gillette

RAZOR

WITH 5 BLADES–$1.95

WATCH

"Jovial John" McClellan

vs.

"Gentleman Jimmy" Hoffa

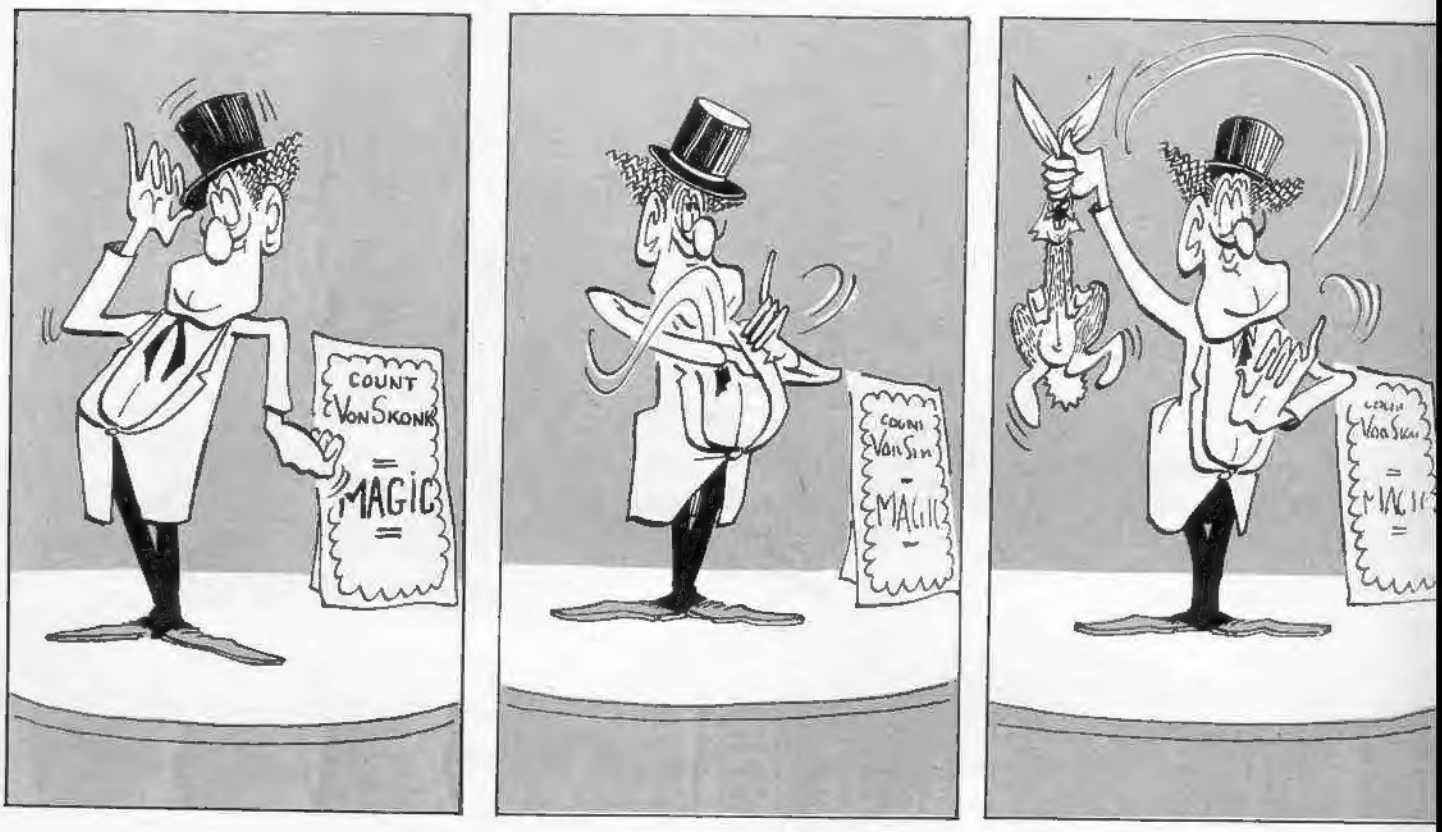
Friday Night—The Gillette Cavalcade of Sports

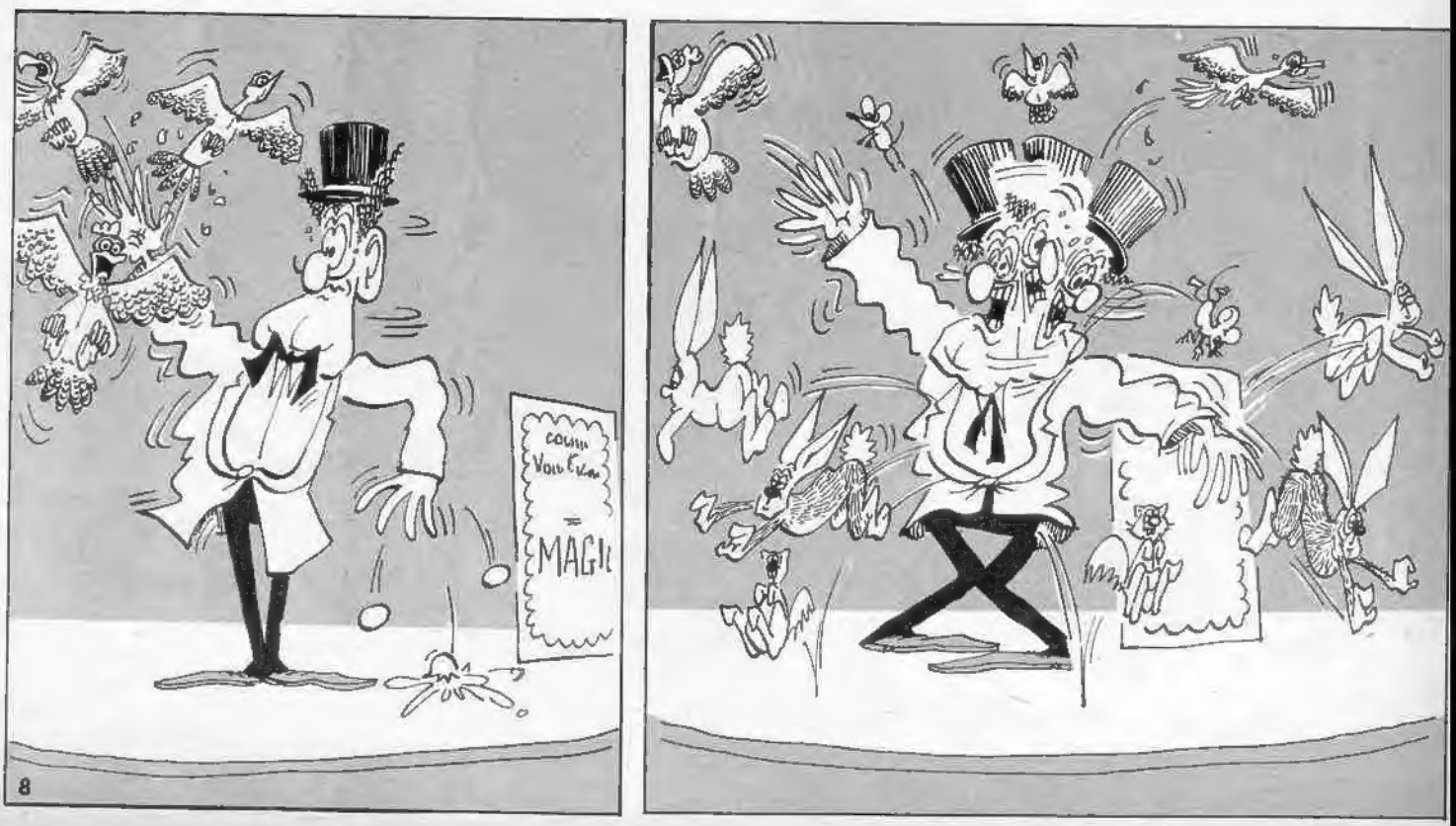
"Darling . . . about your bad breath . . ." ©

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

THE

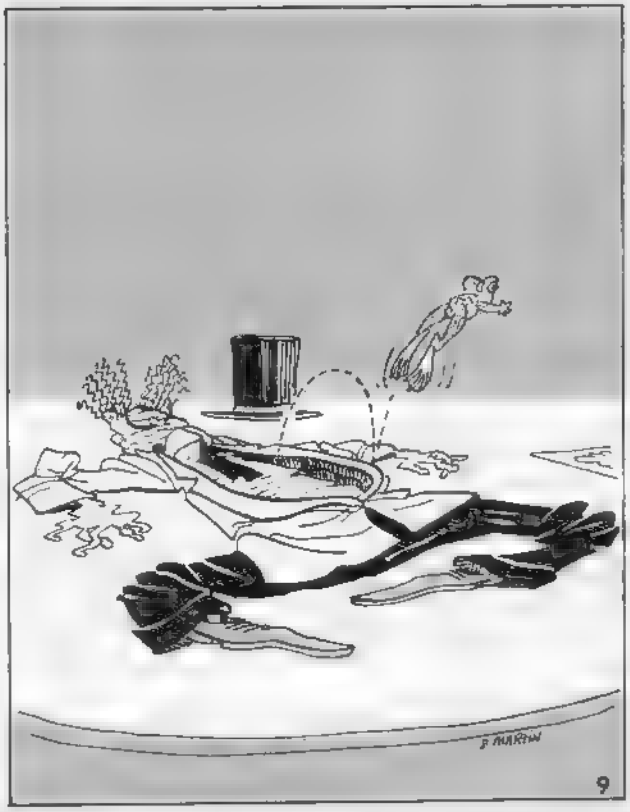
Lately, our maddest artist, Don Martin, has been fascinated with magic. It all started when he got married, and learned that the hand is truly "quicker than the eye." Mainly, his wife started grabbing the MAD checks before he even saw them!





"Somehow, a military wedding frightens me, Herman!"

MAGICIAN



ONE FOR THE BUCKS DEPT.

How I Turned $6.85 Into a Zillion

—*starting with nothing but ambition, perseverance, and greed*

by William Nickelnurser

PERHAPS the hardest thing about making a million dollars as a slum landlord is wanting it badly enough. It takes a tremendous amount of drive and ambition to work up enough greed to accomplish the job. For me, it was easy. I guess it all started when I was a little boy. We were very poor, and we lived in a small shack near the garbage dump. One day, when we just couldn't dig up the rent, we were evicted. As I sat in the snow with my twelve brothers and sisters, I watched another family move into our home. They handed our ex-landlord a lot of money, and kissed his hand. Using one of the bills to light his huge cigar, he sneered sarcastically at my widowed mother, and twirled his long black moustache. Then he kicked my brother, Tom, for blocking his way (but Tom was frozen stiff, so it didn't really matter that he rolled down into the town dump), and headed for his chauffeured Rolls Royce. Right then and there, I knew what I wanted to be!

I started small. I scrimped and saved. My wife and children didn't have enough to eat or enough to wear, but that didn't make a bit of difference to me. I was determined to achieve my ambition of someday becoming a huge success in the "Slumlord" business. Finally, I had enough to buy my first rental property — a fully-occupied condemned tenement.

Building Code Violations Must Be Fixed

When it comes to a condemned tenement, there isn't anything, no matter how broken-down, that can't be fixed. Those of you who haven't read my book will quickly say, "Sure, we know violations can be fixed—but carpenters, electricians and plumbers cost money. It would take 50 years to get back an investment like that!" I say, "Bah!" My book shows the way. A successful slumlord knows *how* to fix, and *whom* to fix—mainly the building inspector! As I always say, "Never spend more, when you can bribe for less!"

How to Pyramid Your Money at the Expense of Others

The first rule in the slumlord business is: "The poorer the tenant, the bigger the profit!" The explanation is simplicity itself. For example, a poor family needs a two-room apartment, but can't afford the $40.00 a month rent. So you divide the two rooms into four smaller apartments, and rent each one for $20.00 a month. The poor families are happy with the low rent, and the slumlord is happy with the increased profit. Of course, you may ask, "How can two rooms be divided into four apartments?" The answer is simply that poor people realize they must do without such luxuries as privacy, air and sunlight! As I always say, "It's better business to take from the poor and give to the rich!"

Rent Control—How To Beat It and Still Stay Within The Law

As any smart operator knows, there are loopholes in any law. Finding them is the key to success. The rent control laws are full of them, and my book shows you a few that would scare every tenant in America to death. Here's a comparatively mild example. We all know that raising the rent on an apartment can only be done if the property is improved. And of course, the tenant must request the improvement. Naturally, the miserable wretch is wise to this trick, and won't cooperate. But *fear* is a powerful ally for a slumlord. Simply start a rumor that old refrigerators can give off deadly fumes. Then send the building janitor to "inspect" them — having first rehearsed him well in his act — saying, "Tsk, tsk, it's beyond repair! It can go any time! One just like it wiped out a family across town recently!" They'll be pleading for new refrigerators. So you buy a bunch of cheap ones—wholesale — and boost the rent 15%. The refrigerators are paid off in a year, and from then on it's all gravy. Of course, the enterprising slumlord doesn't even buy new refrigerators. He merely switches them from one apartment to another. This is just one example of the many ways my book teaches to beat rent control — *all within the law!*

How to Gamble with Other People's Money

What could be more thrilling than to gamble with other people's money? Think of the pleasure you'll get making yourself rich with money the banks lend you. And the best part is: if things don't work out, you don't get hurt. I mean, who cares if you lose the bank's money! They can afford it!

How to Beat the Tax Bite

Most people feel the U.S. Tax system is fair because it's levied on a graduated scale. That is, the people who *make* more *pay* more. Well, I've figured out some cute little twists that are much fairer. My book tells how you can *make more* and *pay less!* As I always say, "Let the suckers who don't know the tricks, or can't afford sneaky accountants, support the country!"

"There Must Be a Catch to It!"

Right now, it would be understandable if you were sputtering, "But, it isn't that simple! It can't be! There must be a catch to it!" Of course there is! If *you* had a sure-fire way to make money, would *you* go blabbing it to everyone? 'Course you wouldn't! After all, if everyone became as rich as I am, I wouldn't feel so superior. My analyst tells me I'm trying to share my secrets to make up for my guilt-feelings — getting all this loot at the expense of others. Baloney! There's a very good reason for this book, and guilt-feelings have nothing to do with it! A long time ago, I realized that greed can be a powerful driving force, and I know there are millions of greedy people like me. So, with the "Slumlord" business getting a bit risky these days (what with all them slum clearance projects and all going on), I decided to get out while the getting's good, and into a new kick where I could start pyramiding more money.

And now, those millions of greedy people are buying my book like crazy, and they've started me on my way to my second fabulous fortune!

Mail coupon and $4.95 to:

SIMON, LEGREE Publishers
Dept. Greed
630 Avarice Avenue
Slumlordville, N. Y.

Please send me William Nickelnurser's 497-page book, "HOW I TURNED $6.85 INTO A ZILLION," for two weeks' free examination. If I am not convinced that it is the greediest book ever written, I can return it in 14 days and get my money back, providing I can prove conclusively that I haven't read the book through.

Name
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address

City . . . . . Zone . . State

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

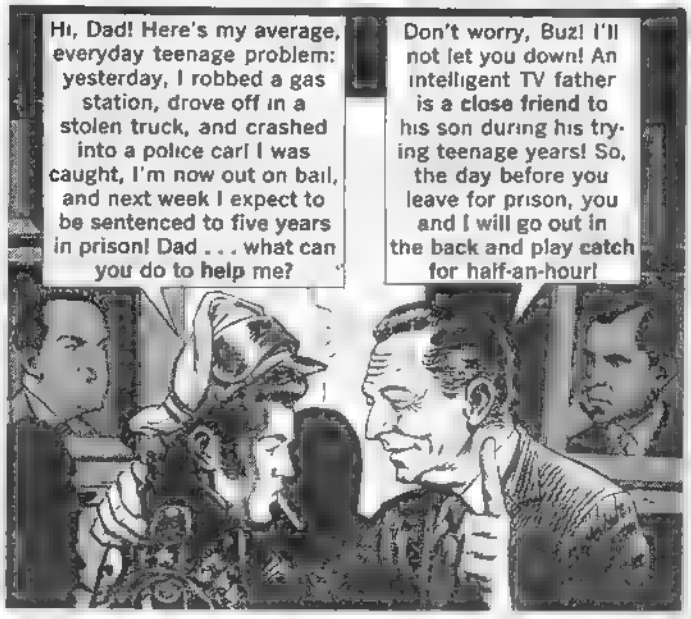
VARIATIONS ON A SCREEN DEPT.

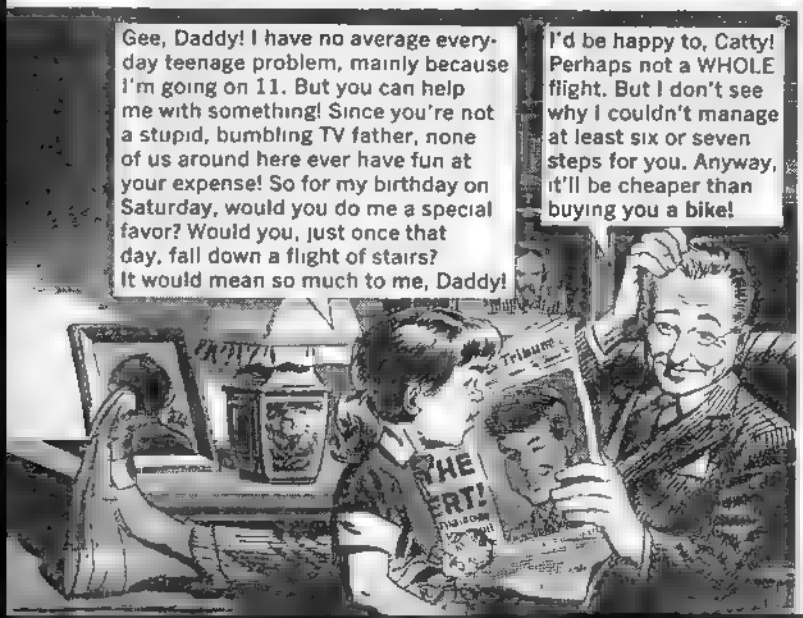
As you probably know, many popular American television programs are shown in other countries around the world. Which is only fair! After all, why should we be the only ones to suffer? However, what you may not know is: when these American TV shows are presented in another country, certain changes are often made in the format of the program to fit in with the country's social customs. With this article, MAD demonstrates the important changes that are made.

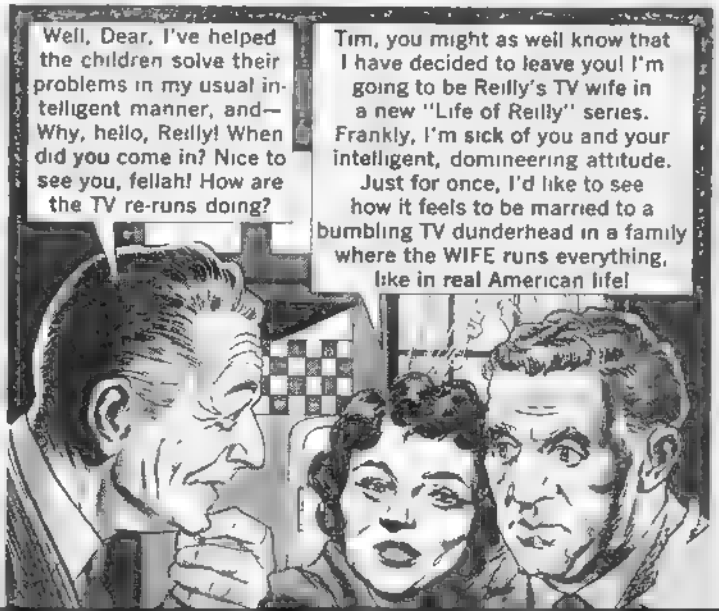
Around The World With U.S. Television

First, Here's A Typical Popular U.S. TV Series . . .

FATHER KNOWS BETTER





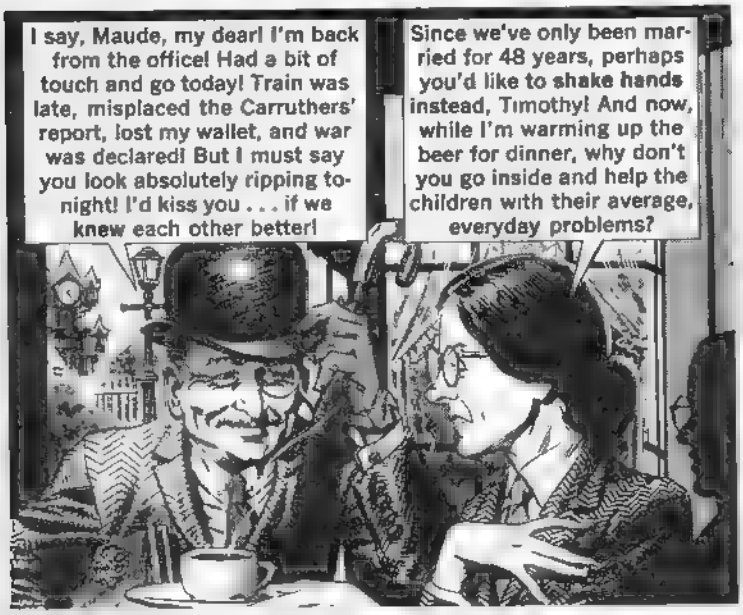


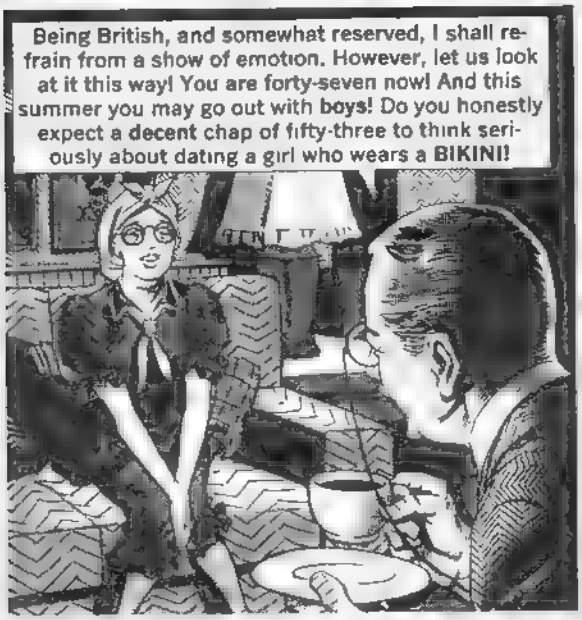
"Keep your hands up! You really expect me to fall for that old gag about someone behind me?"

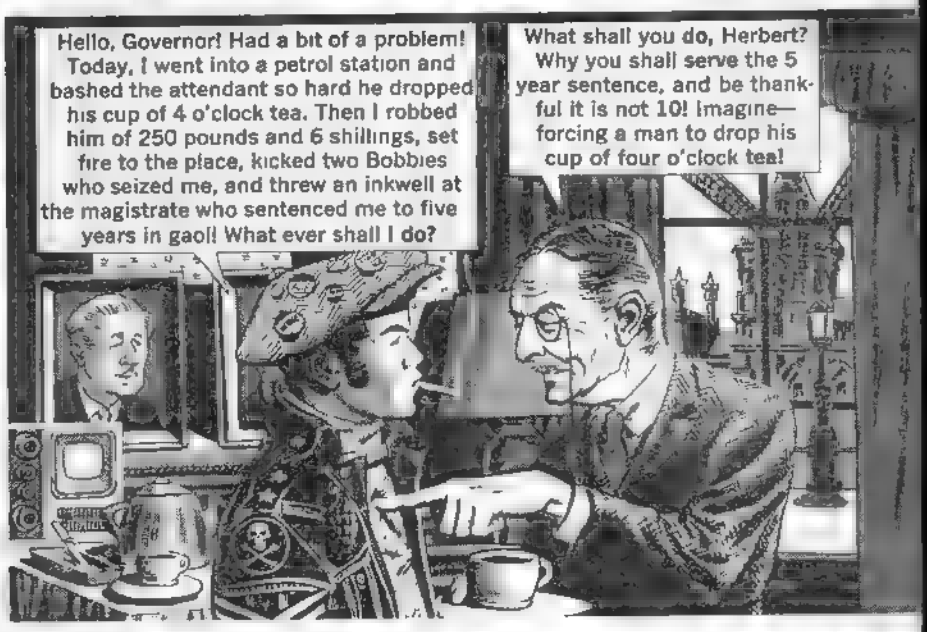
Now, Here's The Same Show As It's Presented in **ENGLAND . . .**

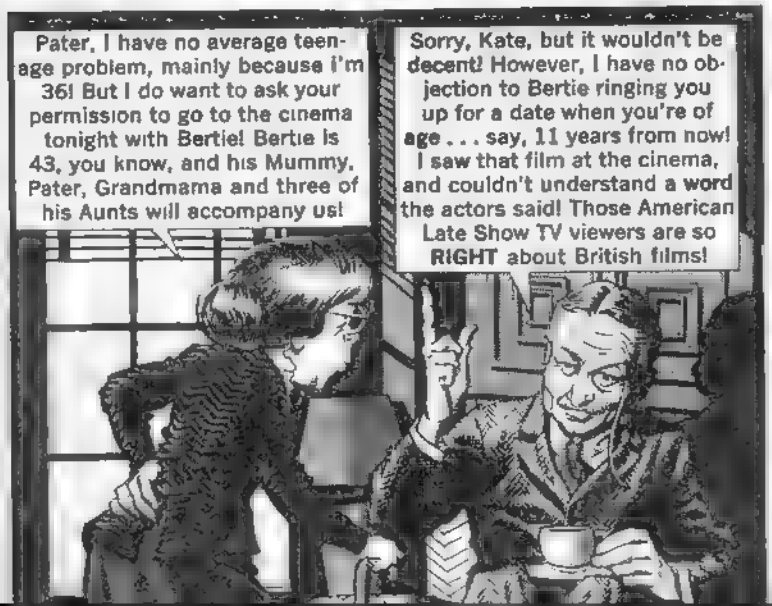
PATER IS BEST INFORMED

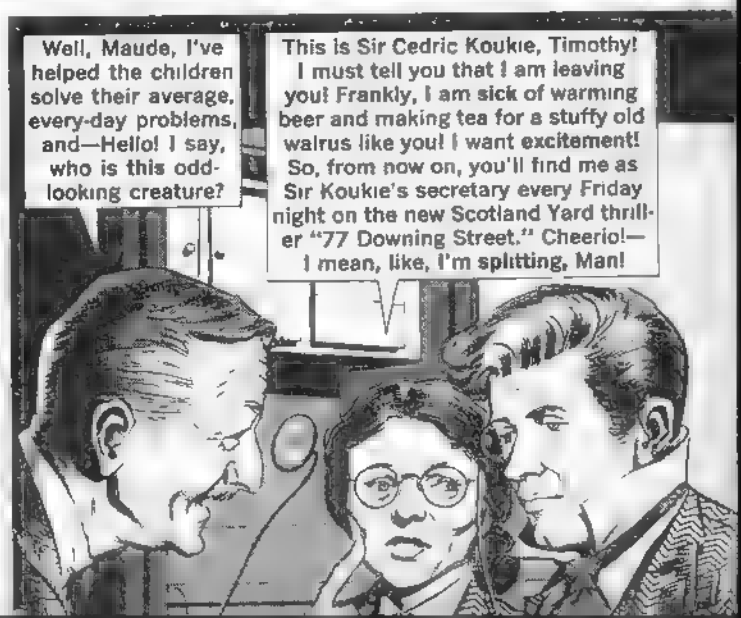
"No, I don't want a blindfold!"







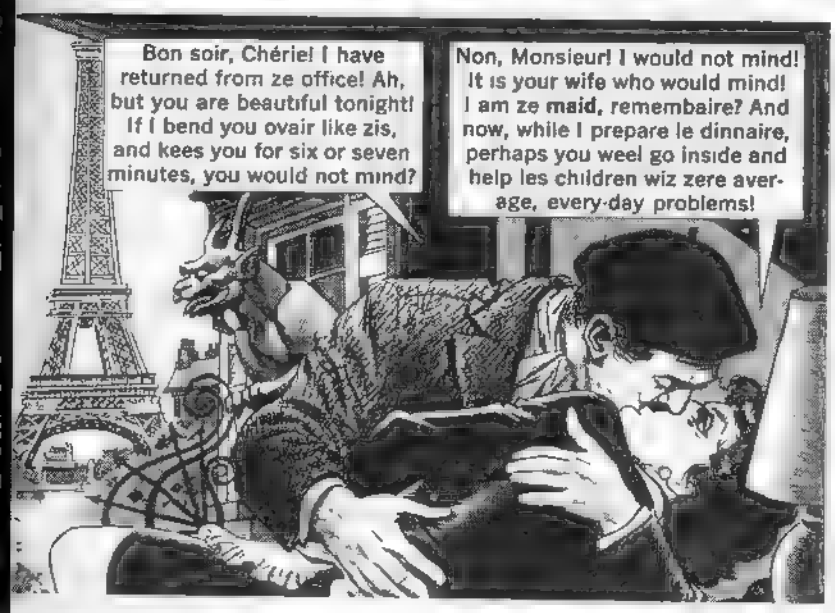


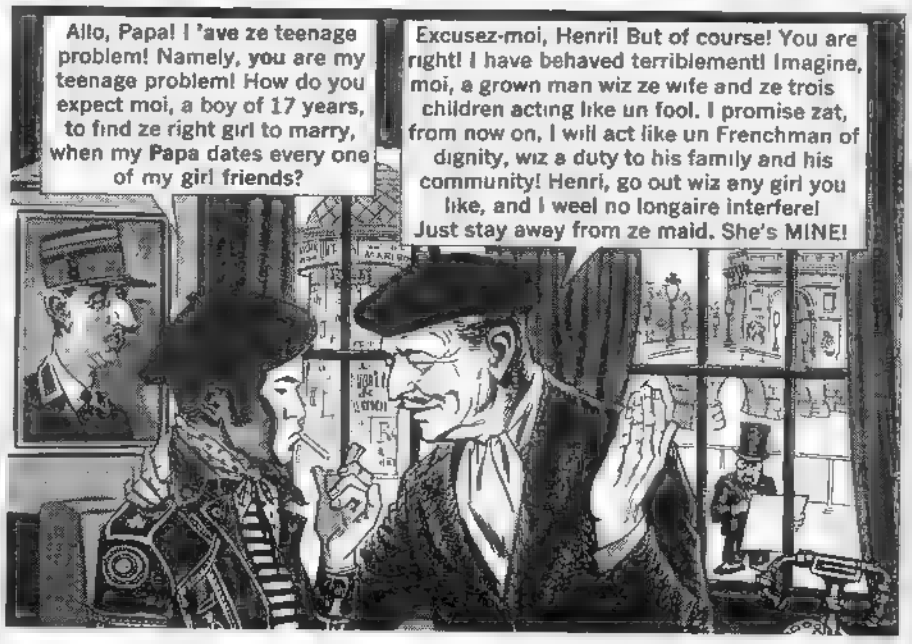


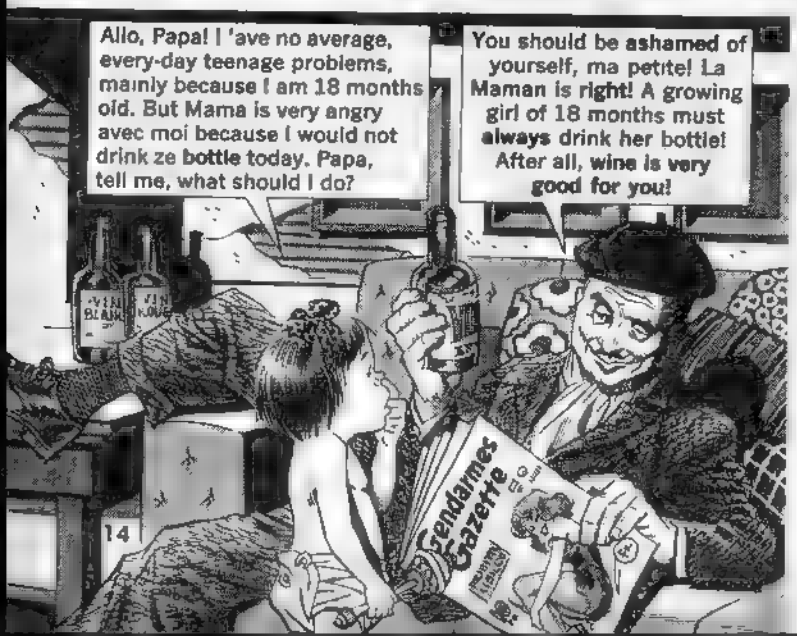
Now, Here's How The Same Show Is Presented In **FRANCE . . .**

LE PERE EST LE PLUS SAGE

"Stop! You don't know what you're doing! The law says I'm entitled to a fair trial!"

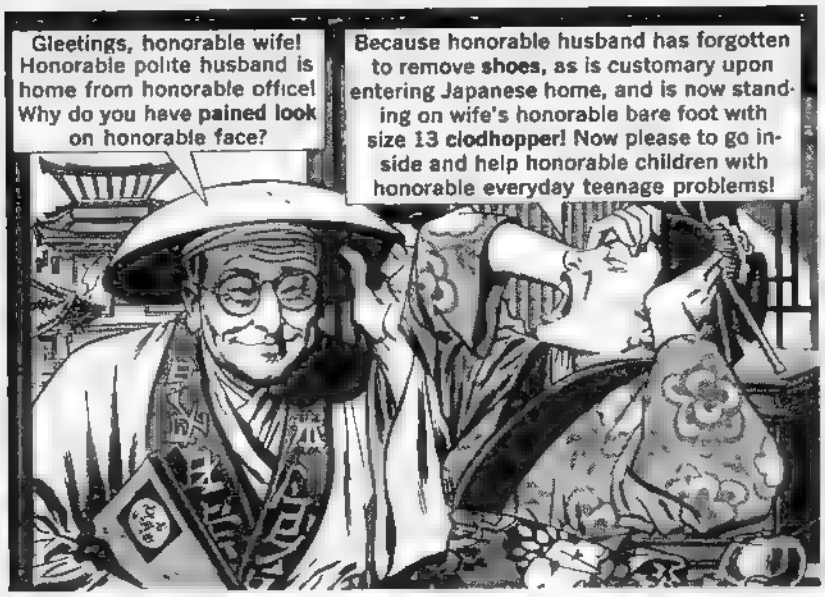


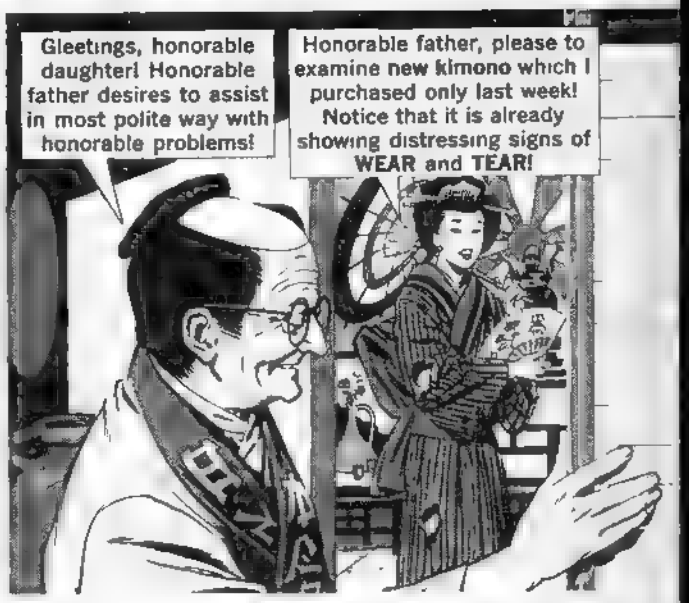


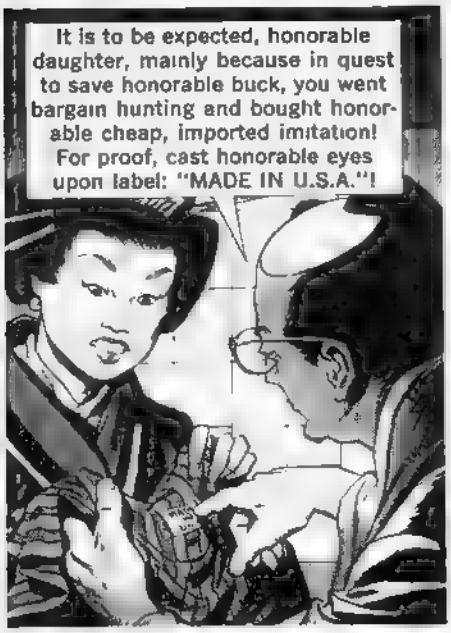


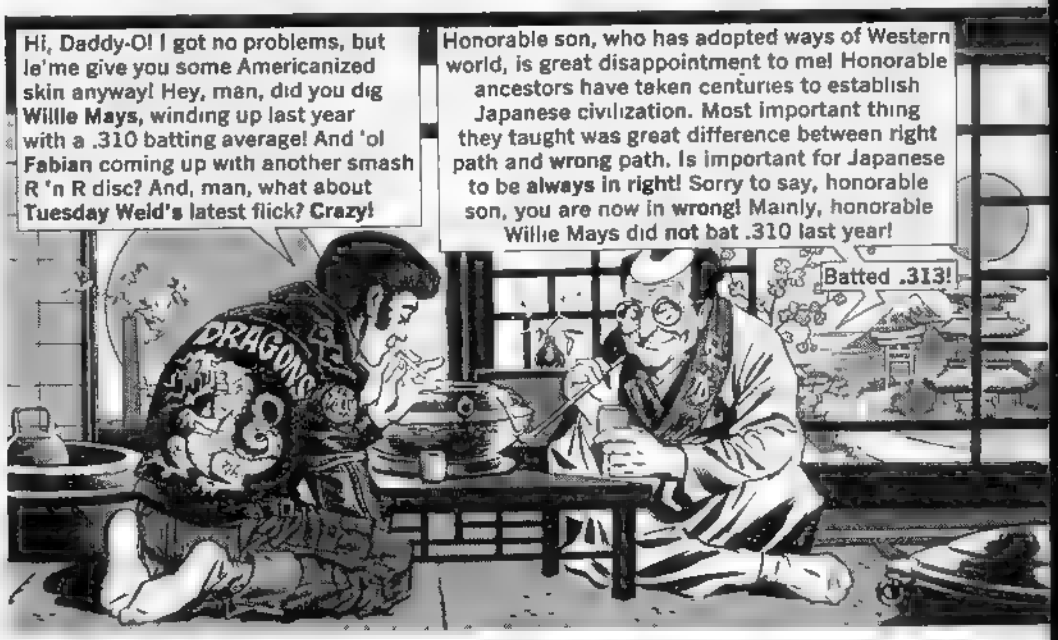
Here's How The Same Show Is Produced In JAPAN . . .

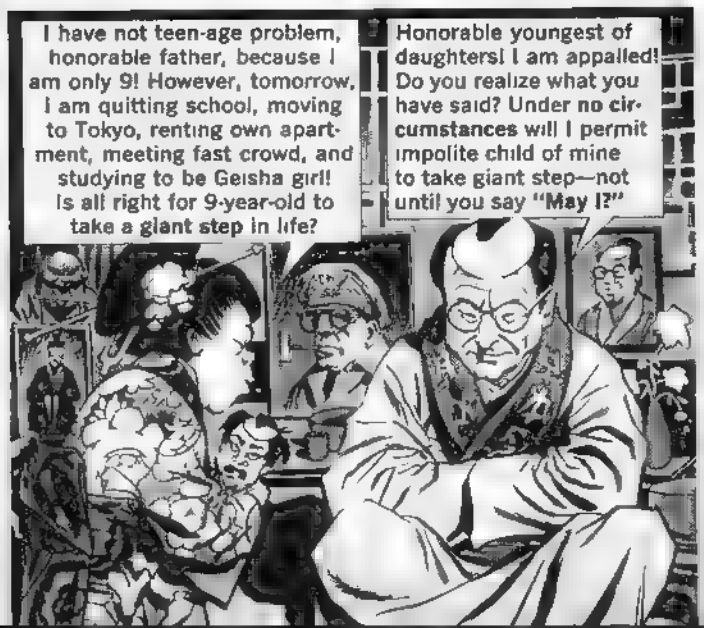
HONORABLE FATHER IS WISEST







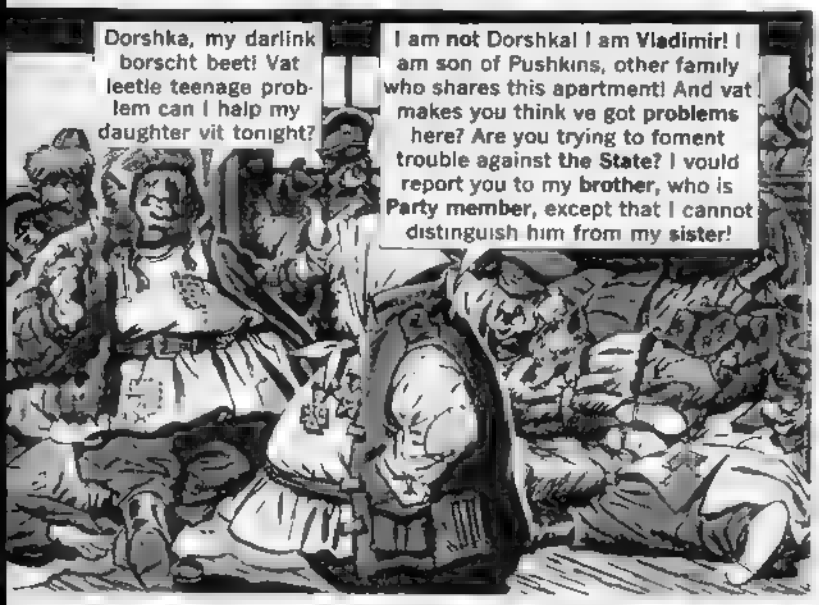


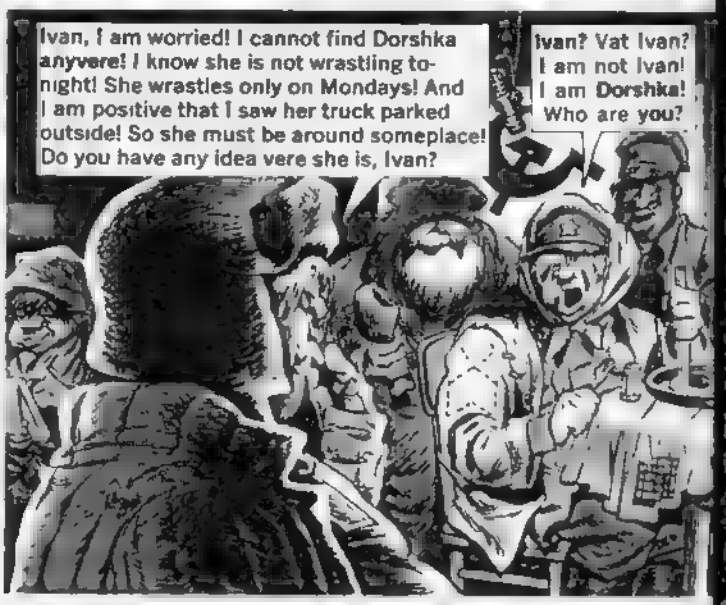


FATHER KNOWS BETTER, BUT NIKITA KNOWS BEST

And Here's How The Same Show Is Presented In RUSSIA . . .

"You all know the rules of the State Boxing Commission . . . so let's have a nice clean fight!"





"Gosh, you're a wonderful dancer, Miss Mansfield!"

NYETS TO YOU DEPT.

A few months ago, Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev visited the United States. Everybody remembers the commotion he made on that occasion. Well, **you'd** make a commotion too, if your wife forgot to pack your red underwear! Anyway, his visit was of grave concern to the whole world. And President Eisenhower's coming visit to the Soviet Union will be of equal concern. Because at meetings like this, the fate of the entire human race hinges on every word. Thousands of newspapers, radio and television shows quote verbatim what is said, And yet, they don't really quote Ike, or Nikita, because who can understand them in the country they're visiting? Actually, they quote that **other** fellow . . . that **little guy** who stands in the background . . . the one nobody pays any attention to. Yes, this man has emerged as the most **important** and **powerful** figure in International Politics today. We happen to be talking about . . .

THE INTERPRETER

TO ILLUSTRATE THE IMPORTANCE OF THE INTERPRETER, LET'S EXAMINE A STATEMENT MADE BY PREMIER KHRUSHCHEV DURING HIS VISIT TO WASHINGTON LAST SEPTEMBER. NOTICE THE SUBTLE CHANGES IN MEANING THAT THE INTERPRETER HAS INTERJECTED:

SEE WHAT WE MEAN? THAT'S WHY THE INTERPRETER PRESIDENT EISENHOWER TAKES ALONG ON HIS COMING VISIT TO THE U.S.S.R. IS SO IMPORTANT! IN FACT, WE FEEL HE SHOULD TAKE ALONG A TEAM OF INTERPRETERS . . . EACH WITH A SPECIAL TALENT. THEN, THEY CAN BE CALLED IN AS THEY'RE NEEDED. LIKE F'RINSTANCE . . .

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

WHEN IKE HAS TO "TALK TOUGH" WITH KHRUSHCHEV, LET JIMMY CAGNEY INTERPRET!

We in the United States still vividly recall the Hungarian episode, and we will do all that we can, within the scope of our power, to see that a similar incident never happens again, and that world peace is preserved!

Ike says: "So you're the guy who gave it to Hungary in the back, eh? Well, listen . . . we don't like punks! So you tell your guys to lay off, see! And that goes for them other countries in your operation! We want peace, see, and if any rat starts up . . . well, he'll be taken care of!"

Khrushchev says that Russia is more powerful, and is not afraid of America!

Well, that's a delicate problem, and, of course, no hasty decision should be made outside of the United Nations!

Ike says: "Shut ya big mouth, Fatso! And show a little respect! Because any time you care to tangle with us, this is just a little sample of what you can expect, see!"

WHEN IKE MUST BE "SOCIALLY CRITICAL," MORT SAHL CAN DO IT DIPLOMATICALLY:

Khrushchev claims that American workers are exploited under the Capitalist system!

In defense, let me point out that, under the Democratic system, the American worker has attained the highest standard of living in the world!

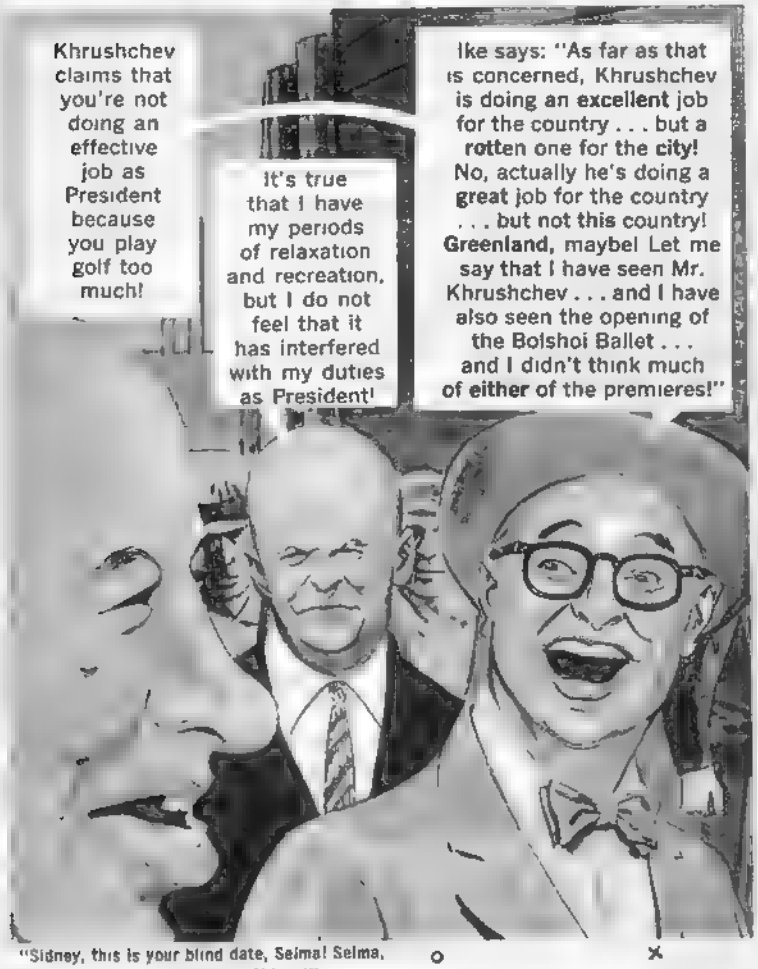
Ike says: "That statement is just Khrushchev's defense mechanism to overcome his **own** job insecurity! Like he's probably wondering, now that he's 65, when they're going to retire him —**forcibly!** Right? Okay! Actually, American workers are exploited! They still haven't got the four day week! Disaster! But here in Russia, the workers are all abused **mentally.** Like I saw this typical laborer lifting 300 pound sacks, which is too much for **any** woman! At least, on a collective farm, women can find their own level! They can all drive **tractors!** Right . . .? Okay! Onward . . . !"

Khrushchev claims that America is dominated by powerful Wall Street Capitalists!

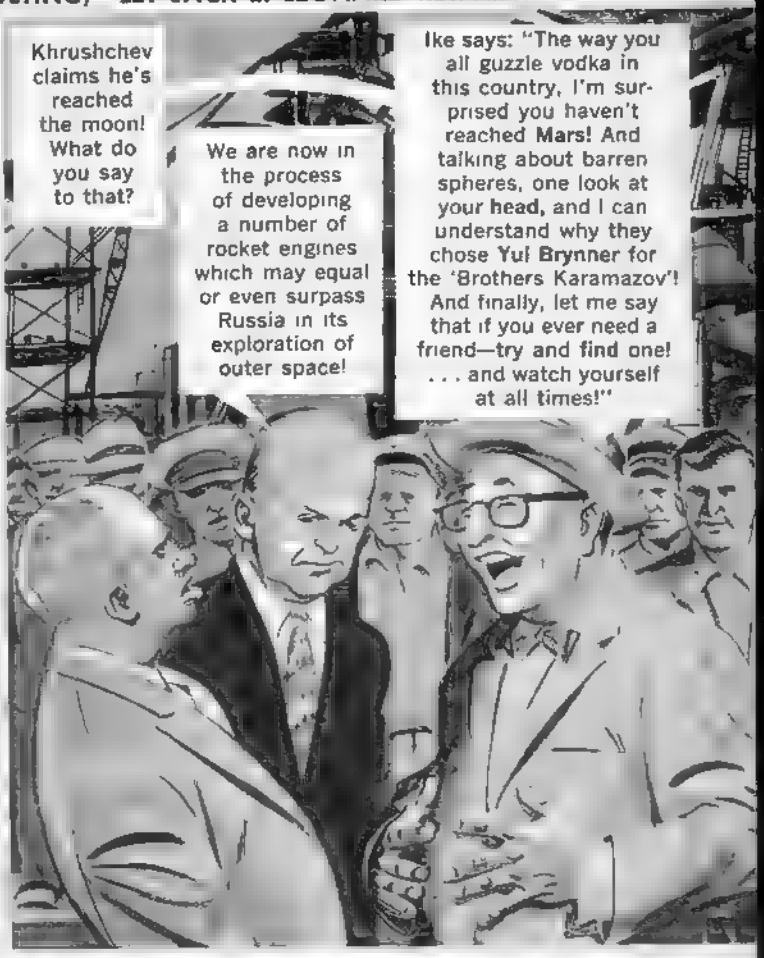
It may be true that significant contributions to our economic stability are made by wealthy industrialists and financiers, but the actual control of the government is in the hands of the people!

Ike says: "I don't know very much about Wall Street! In fact, I've never even visited downtown New York. But as far as our government is concerned, when an American official makes a mistake, he makes a **mistake!** Like he isn't exiled to **Alaska!** Right? Okay! I understand that a Party member recently called Khrushchev a "fink," and for three weeks, he had to disguise himself as a Volga boatman! He was caught and eliminated, but the firing squad applauded him for his **artistic effort!** Actually, the Russian people have **no say** in their government! The country is run strictly by Khrushchev—and Khrushchev is run strictly by **Mrs. Khrushchev!** Are there any groups I haven't offended?"

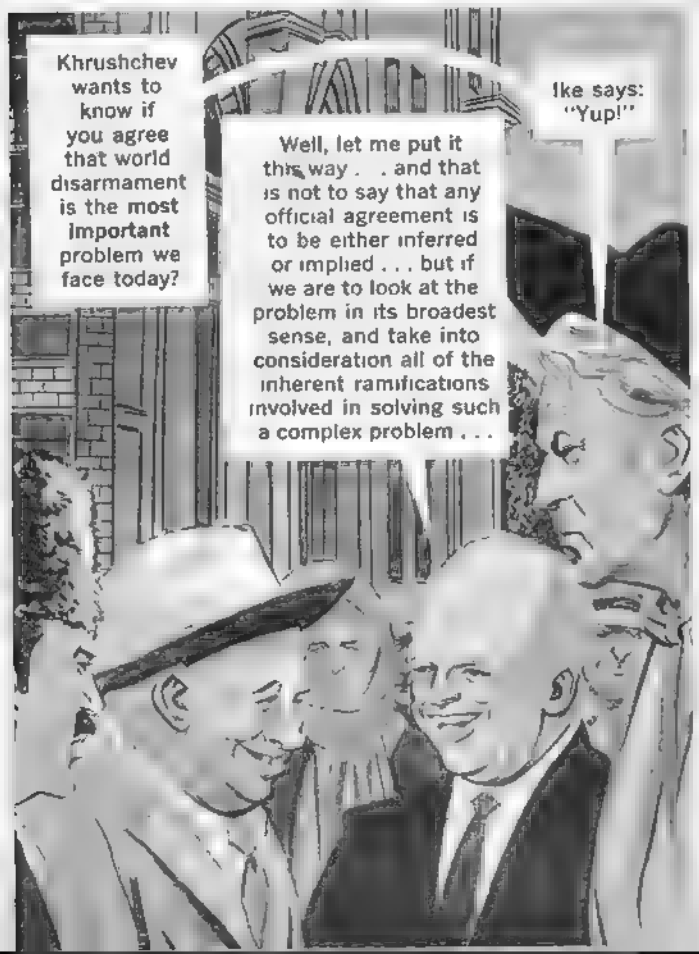
WHEN KHRUSHCHEV GETS "HUMOROUSLY INSULTING," LET JACK E. LEONARD RETALIATE:

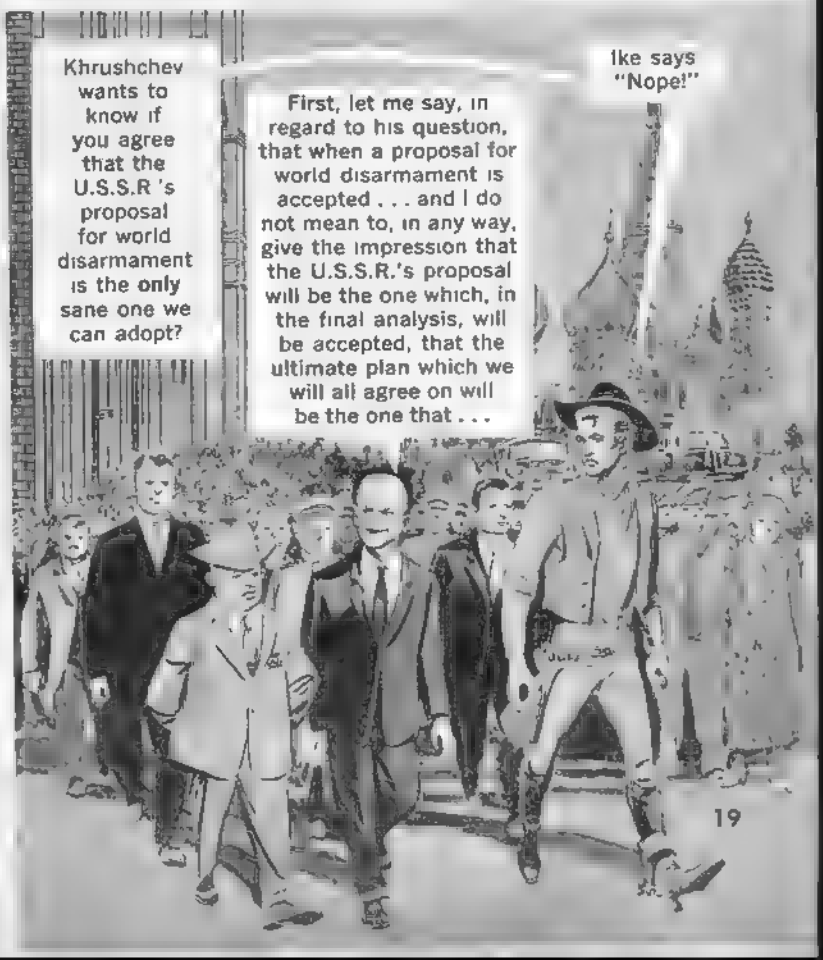


"Sidney, this is your blind date, Selma! Selma, I want you to meet . . . Hey, Sidney!"



AND WHEN IKE GIVES THOSE QUALIFYING ANSWERS, GARY COOPER CAN SIMPLIFY 'EM:





ROADS SCHOLAR DEPT. ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Everybody's going around these days claiming that "An educated America means a stronger America!", but nobody seems to be doing anything about it except our dedicated schoolteachers, and MAD Magazine. (Our dedicated schoolteachers seem to be doing everything they can to help the situation,

EDUCATIONAL

WRITER: TOM KOCH

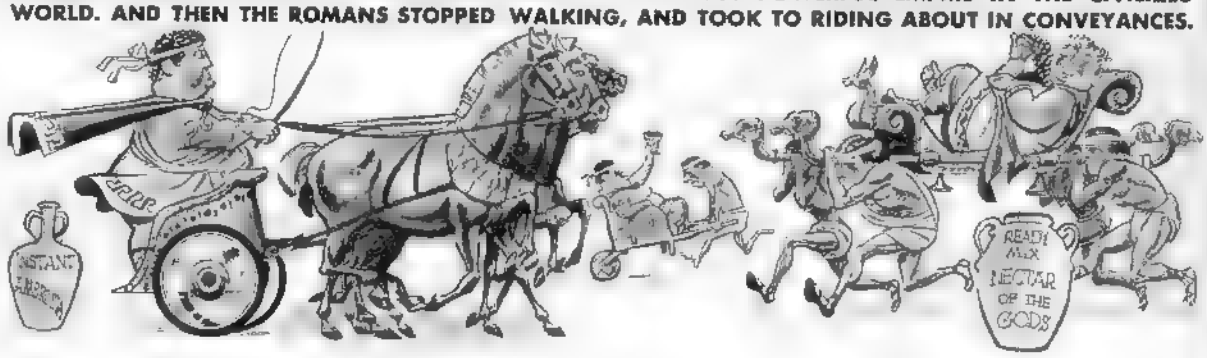
and MAD seems to be doing everything it can to hinder it!) Actually, we at MAD feel that Madison Avenue could make a significant contribution toward a more informed public by merely slipping scientific, mathematical, and historical facts to us cleverly . . . like f'rinstance in these . . .

BILLBOARDS

xxxxxxxxxxxx
"I swear I'll jump if you come any closer!"

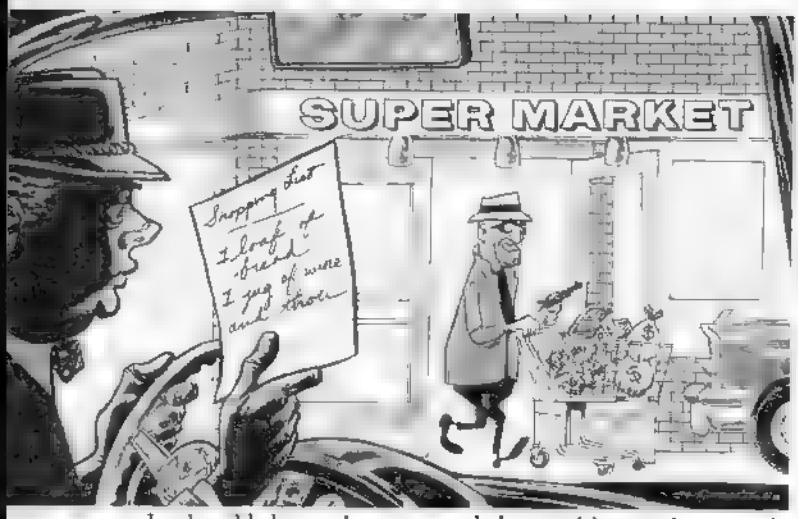
"I repeat! Two volunteers for a light patrol, take one step forward!"

ANCIENT HISTORY TELLS US THAT ROME BECAME THE MOST POWERFUL EMPIRE IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD. AND THEN THE ROMANS STOPPED WALKING, AND TOOK TO RIDING ABOUT IN CONVEYANCES.

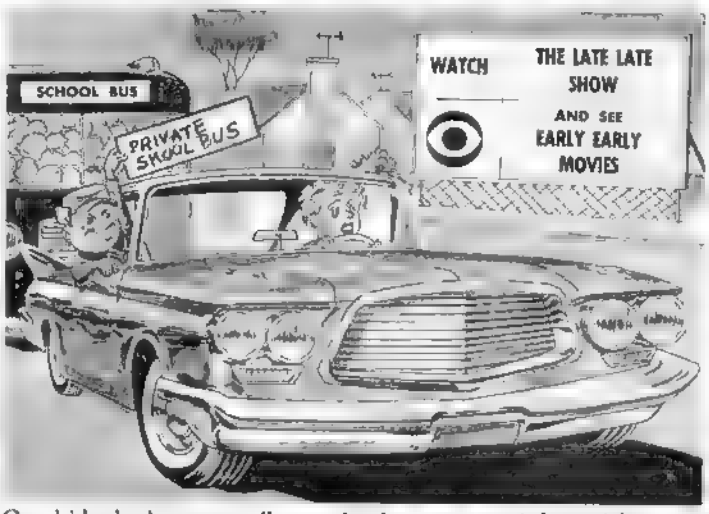


TODAY, THE UNITED STATES HAS BECOME THE MOST POWERFUL NATION IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD. AND LIKE THE ROMANS, WE ARE BECOMING SELF-INDULGENT.

AMERICA IS



In the old days, when we needed something at the grocer's we walked. Today, we drive to the supermarket in our cars.



Our kids don't even walk to school any more. A bus picks them up at the corner, or Mom drives them the two blocks.

LITTLE BY LITTLE, CONVEYANCES ARE

There was a time when the average, inactive businessman got his exercise out on the golf course, walking around the 18 holes. Today, he rides around in a "Golfmobile".

The necessity of walking is being eliminated from other sports, too. F'instance, skiing. A skier once got good exercise climbing them ski hills. Now, he uses ski lifts.

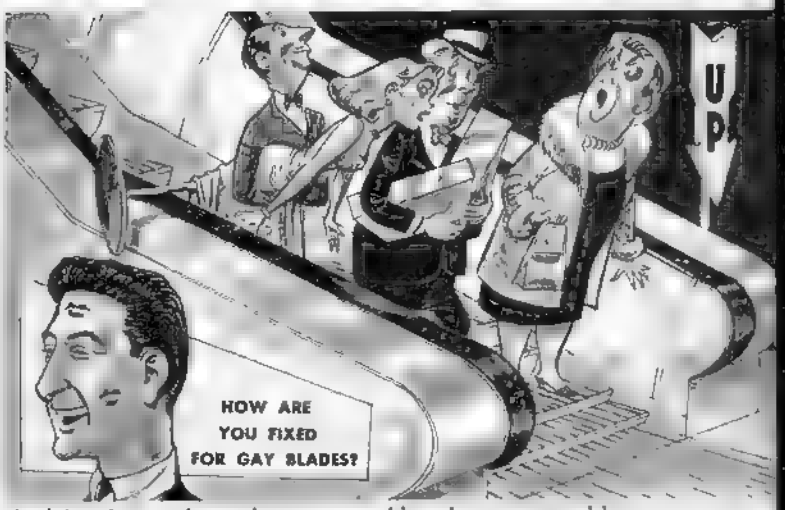
AS A RESULT OF SELF-INDULGENCES SUCH AS THIS, THE ROMANS BECAME SOFT AND FAT. AND SO THEY WERE EASY PUSH-OVERS FOR THE LEAN AND HUNGRY BARBARIAN INVADERS FROM THE NORTH.

"Sidney, are you sure it's all right bringing me to this Greenwich Village party?"

F'RINSTANCE, LITTLE BY LITTLE, WE HAVE STOPPED WALKING, AND TAKEN TO RIDING ABOUT IN CONVEYANCES. AND SO, AS A RESULT, MAD FEELS THAT . . .

GETTING SOFT

Climbing stairs was once good exercise. Today, the only stair-climbing we do is when the elevator's out of order.



And in places where elevators would make no sense, like a two-story building, we've replaced stairs with escalators.

ELIMINATING THE NEED FOR WALKING

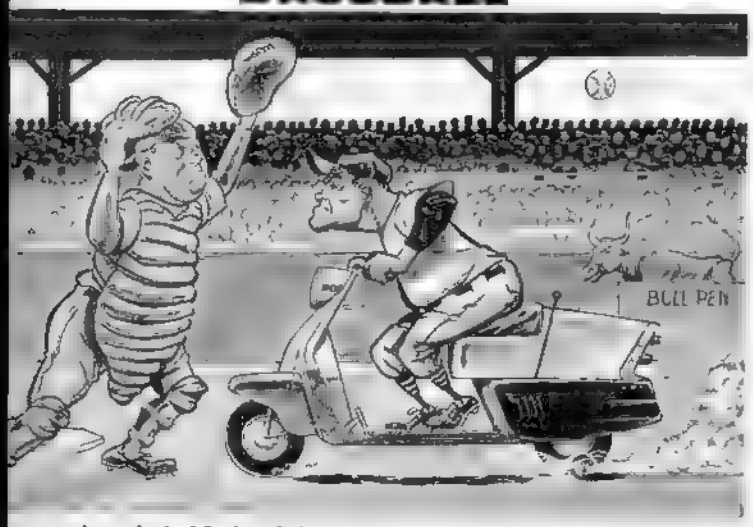
The inactive man also used to get exercise pushing a lawn mower Today, the gadget is mechanized. Now, he sits at a desk all week, and sits at the lawn mower on the weekend.

Recently, the greatest threat of all, mainly the one that threatens to eliminate walking entirely, made its appearance. THE MOTOR SCOOTER! To see its effect, turn page.

THE MOTOR SCOOTER WILL

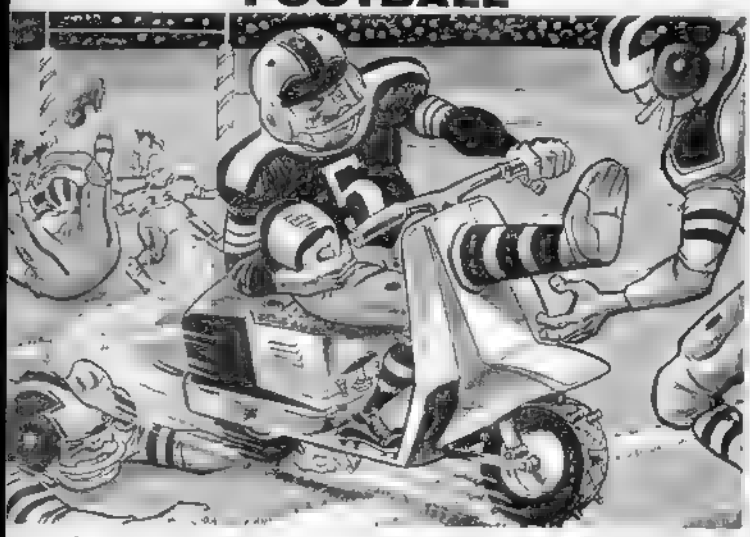
IN OUR SPORTS

BASEBALL



America's National Pastime will take to wheels as crowds cheer a new version of the home run . . . the "home drive".

FOOTBALL



Our exciting Fall spectacles will feature a new gridiron star, the Quarterback affectionately called "snake axles"

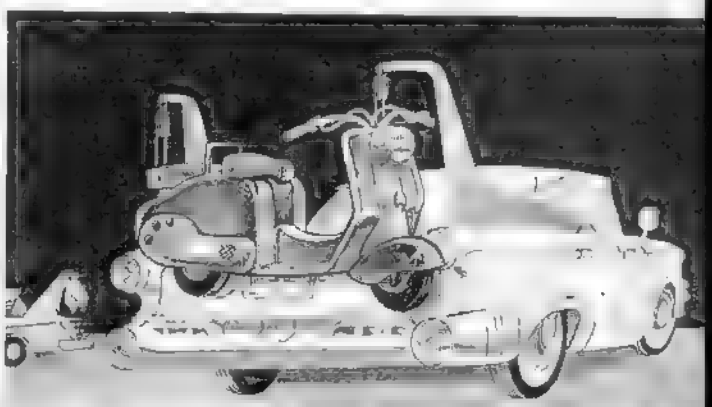
BASKETBALL

College and Professional Coaches will search the country for men who can shoot baskets while driving tall scooters.

IN OUR

Social dancing will have the new look as ballrooms become death traps for couples who aren't light on their wheels.

Americans will become so lazy, they won't even walk from the front door to the garage for the car; they'll scooter.



Motor scooters will be carried everywhere, hanging from the back of the family car like a dinghy on a motor yacht.

And as infants grow up in this lazy, self-indulgent world, they'll be taught to scooter instead of learning to walk.

ELIMINATE ALL LEG-WORK

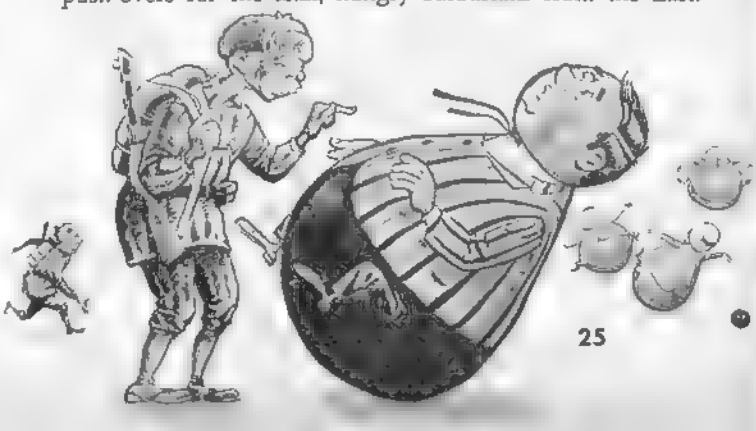
"Have you anyth ng to say before I pronounce sentence on you?"

DAILY LIVES

The American home will be re-designed for the family on wheels. The patter of little feet will no longer be heard around the house. Instead, we'll hear the screeching of brakes and the clatter of engines as walking disappears.

In time, our legs will become vestigial organs, and we'll end up soft and fat, looking like round-bottom toy dolls.

And round-bottom toy dolls, like the Romans, will be easy push-overs for the lean, hungry barbarians from the East.

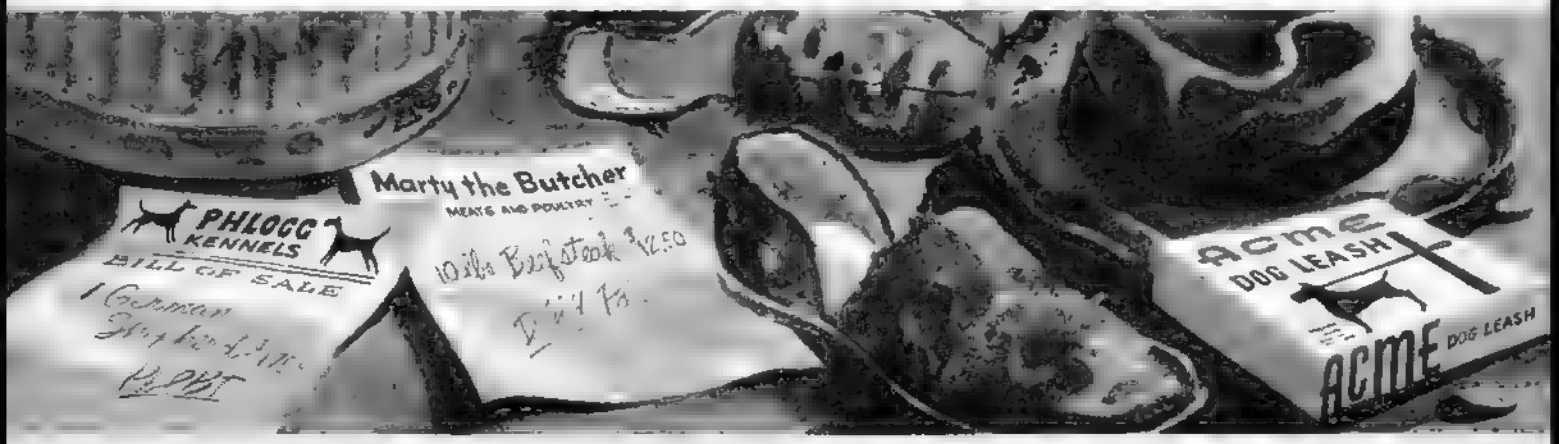


A HEAP 'O LIVIN' DEPT.

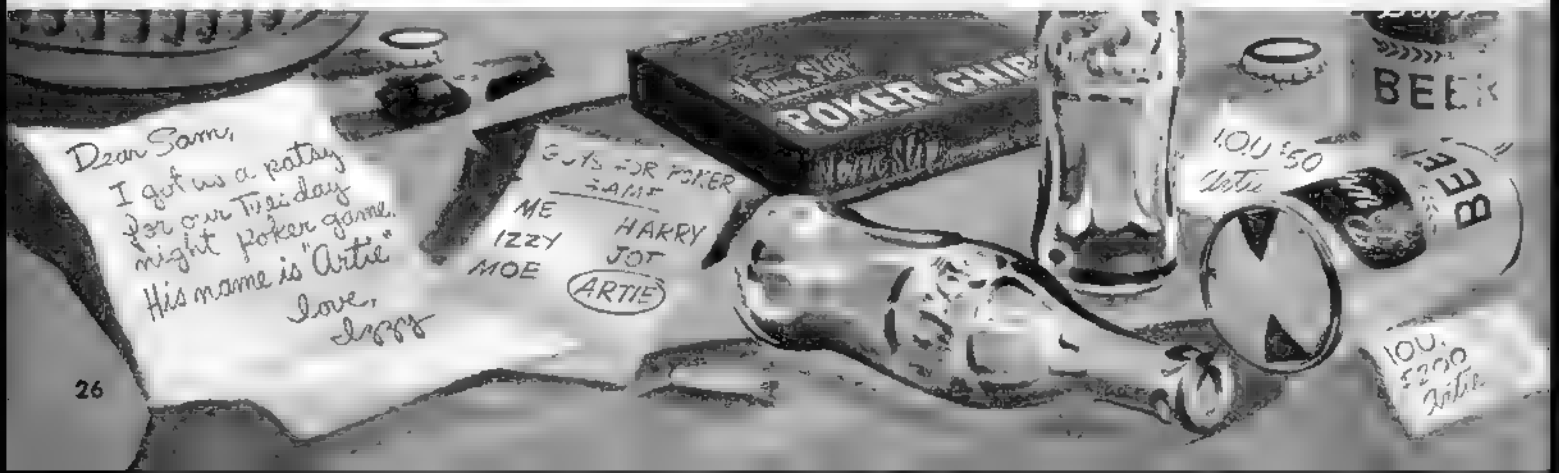
Do you want to know the guy who has the real inside information on what's going on in your neighborhood? Well, it's not the postman who gets to see all of your mail! And it's not the delivery boy who gets to stand in your foyer so he hears what's going on in your house! Nosiree! It's the garbage man who gets to haul away your trash! This guy really picks up the dirt! Since we at MAD know all about trash (because we publish so much of it), we can't help but agree that . . .

YOU CAN LEARN A LOT WHEN YOU GO THROUGH PEOPLE'S . . .

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



"But the doctor swears it isn't catching!"



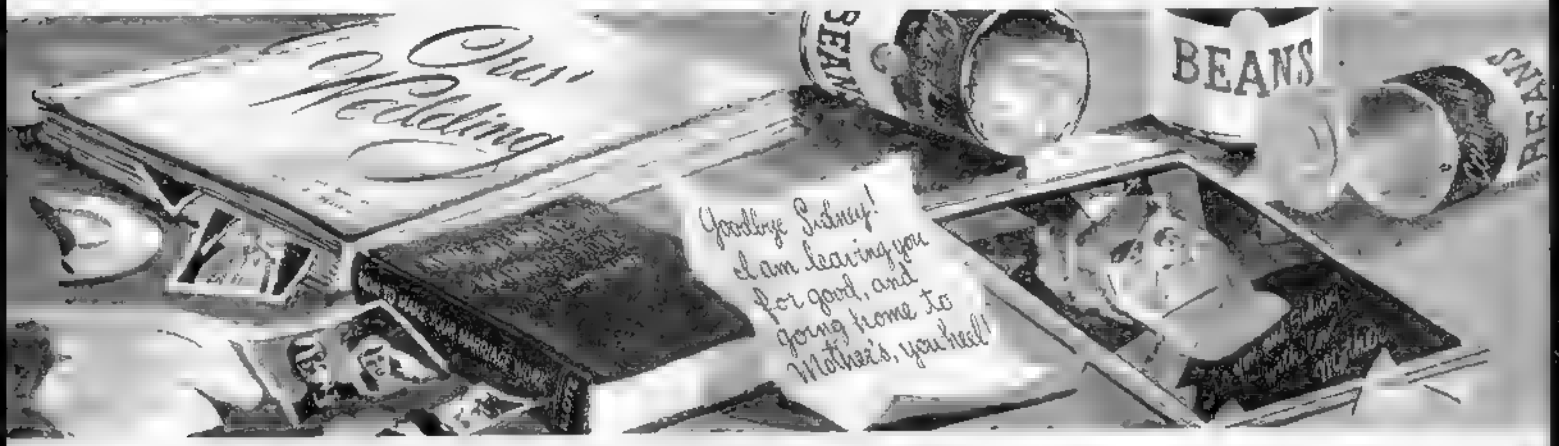
"MAD Y'OX are fun, eh, gang? Hey, did you notice that the "O" always does the talking?

When you're through with ours, try some "MAD Y'OX" yourself!

GARBAGE

"Irving, this ferris wheel is making me very nauseous!"

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



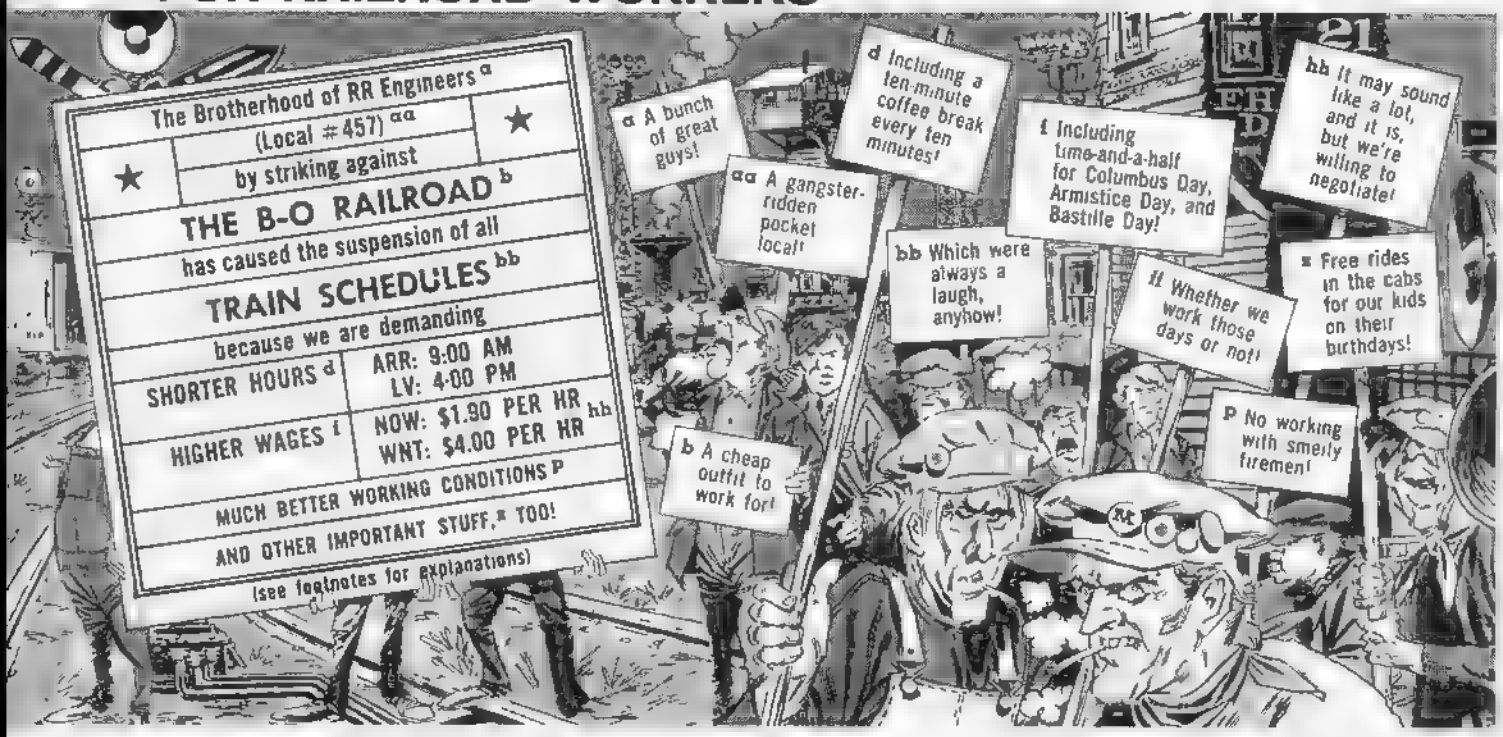
WORKERS OF THE WORLD, REWRITE! DEPT.

"I kin lick any man iroa houah!"

Whenever workers go out on strike, they announce the fact to the general public by forming a picket line, and carrying around "On Strike" signs. The trouble is, there are so many strikes these days, the public doesn't really notice picket lines like they used

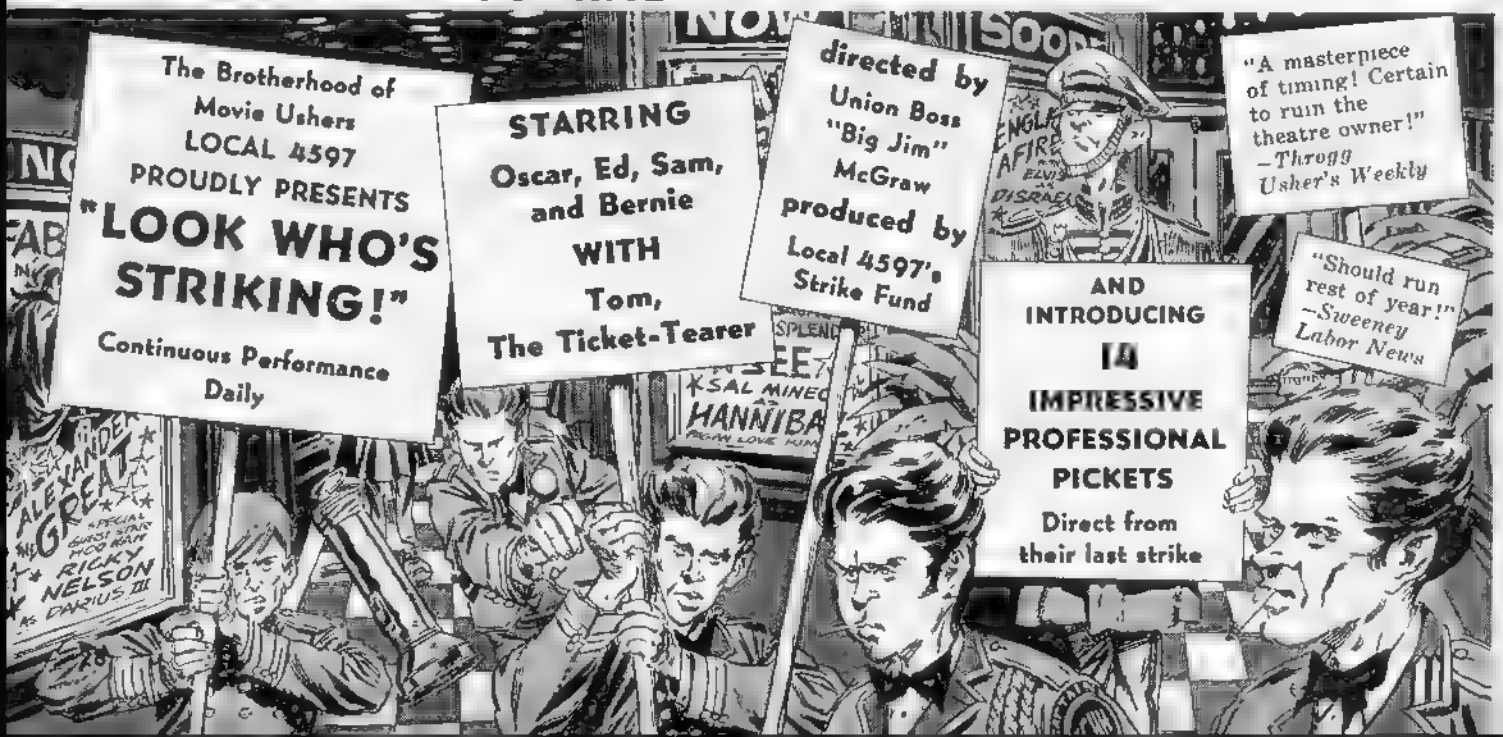
DISTINCTIVE

FOR RAILROAD WORKERS



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

FOR MOVIE USHERS

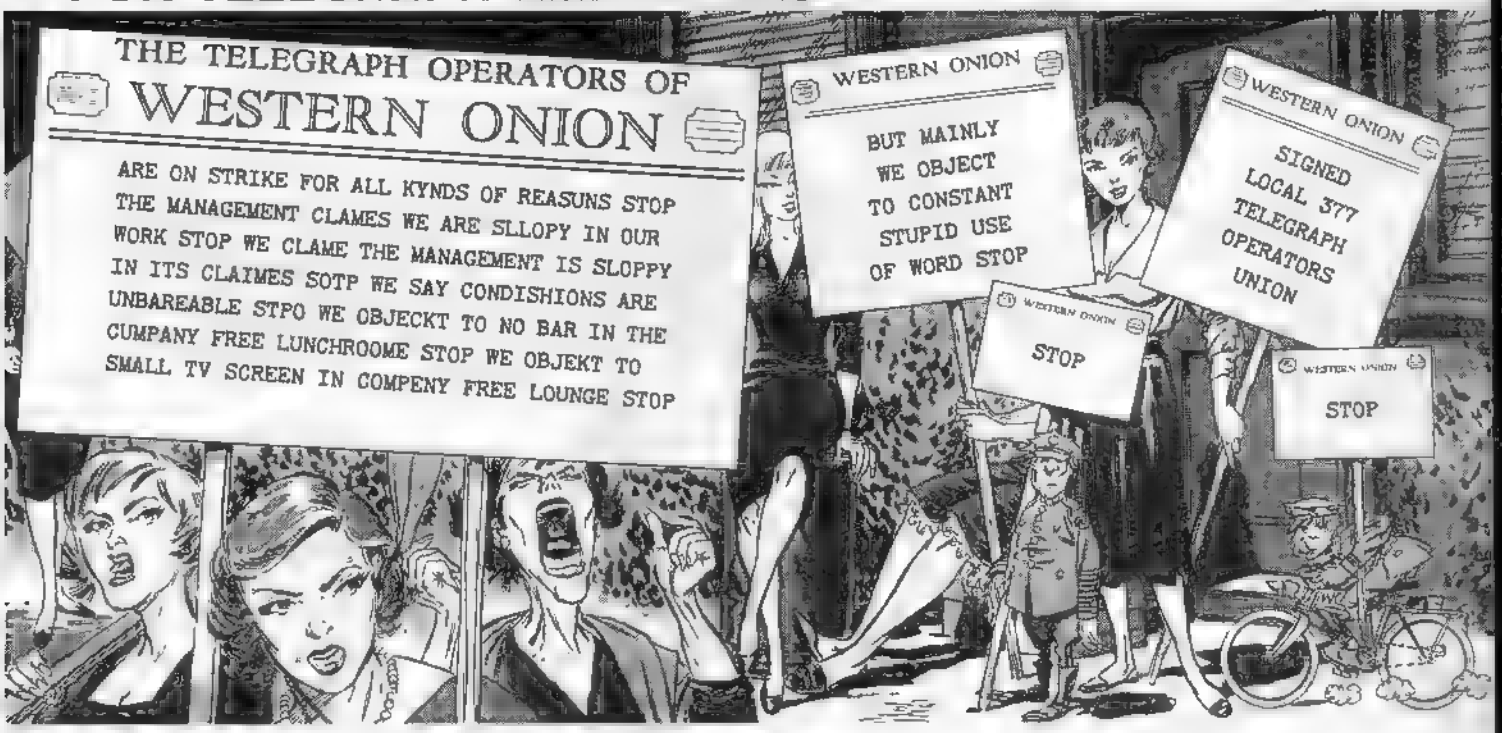


"I can't understand how they seem to know every play I call!!"

to! Mainly because these picket lines with their unimaginative "On Strike" signs all look alike! So MAD suggests that strikers wise up, and create entertaining "On Strike" signs that pertain to their particular trade or profession, and start forming these . . .

PICKET LINES

FOR TELEGRAPH EMPLOYEES



WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

FOR TRUCK DRIVERS

FOR CIRCUS WORKERS

THE EMPLOYEES OF

QUINCH BROS. CIRCUS

PRESENT

THE GREATEST STRIKE ON EARTH

THRILLS	See the Big Top Collapse on top of the Mediation Board!	THRILLS
VIOLENCE	See Hugo, The Strongman, rip apart Mr. Quinche's office!	VIOLENCE
SPECTACLES	See Leo, The Savage Lion, devour the rejected 8c package pay boost offer!	SPECTACLES

PLUS: Goons! Thugs! Finks & Scabs!

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION	SPECIAL EXTRAVAGANZA
A 45-Minute Mob Riot over Severance Pay in the Huge Center Ring!	A Gala Stampede of 100 Elephants in support of a longer Coffee Break!

AND FEATURING

2500 COUNT THEM 2500

NATIONAL GUARDSMEN

vainly trying to restore law and order

FOR OPTICAL WORKERS

WE ARE STRIKING

FOR MORE MONEY

PLUS SHORTER HOURS

PLUS SIX WEEKS VACATION

PLUS A CONTRACT OF FORTY-SEVEN

ABSOLUTELY OUTLANDISH DEMANDS IN SMALL TYPE

WHICH OUGHT TO FORCE THIS OUTFIT INTO BANKRUPTCY IN NO TIME!

Local #259 Optical Workers Union

FOR COLLEGE PROFESSORS

"All wish to be learned, but no one is willing to pay the price. —Juvenal

"Our praises are our wages." —Shakespeare

"Damn with faint praise." —Pope

"Without money, honor is nothing." —Racine

"Money brings honor, friends, conquest and realms." —Milton

"A fair day's wages for a fair day's work." —Carlyle

"Strike while the iron is hot." —Rabelais

"A dollar in a university is worth more than a dollar in jail." —Emerson

"Us eggheads deserve a better deal!" —Neuman

SHAW-FIRED PLOT DEPT.

There seems to be a rash of new musicals slated for Broadway based on the "Madison Avenue" theme. Since one of the most successful musicals ever to hit Broadway was "My Fair Lady," based on the book by George Bernard Shaw, we figure it won't be long before we'll be seeing a hit "Madison Avenue" musical along the same lines and called . . .

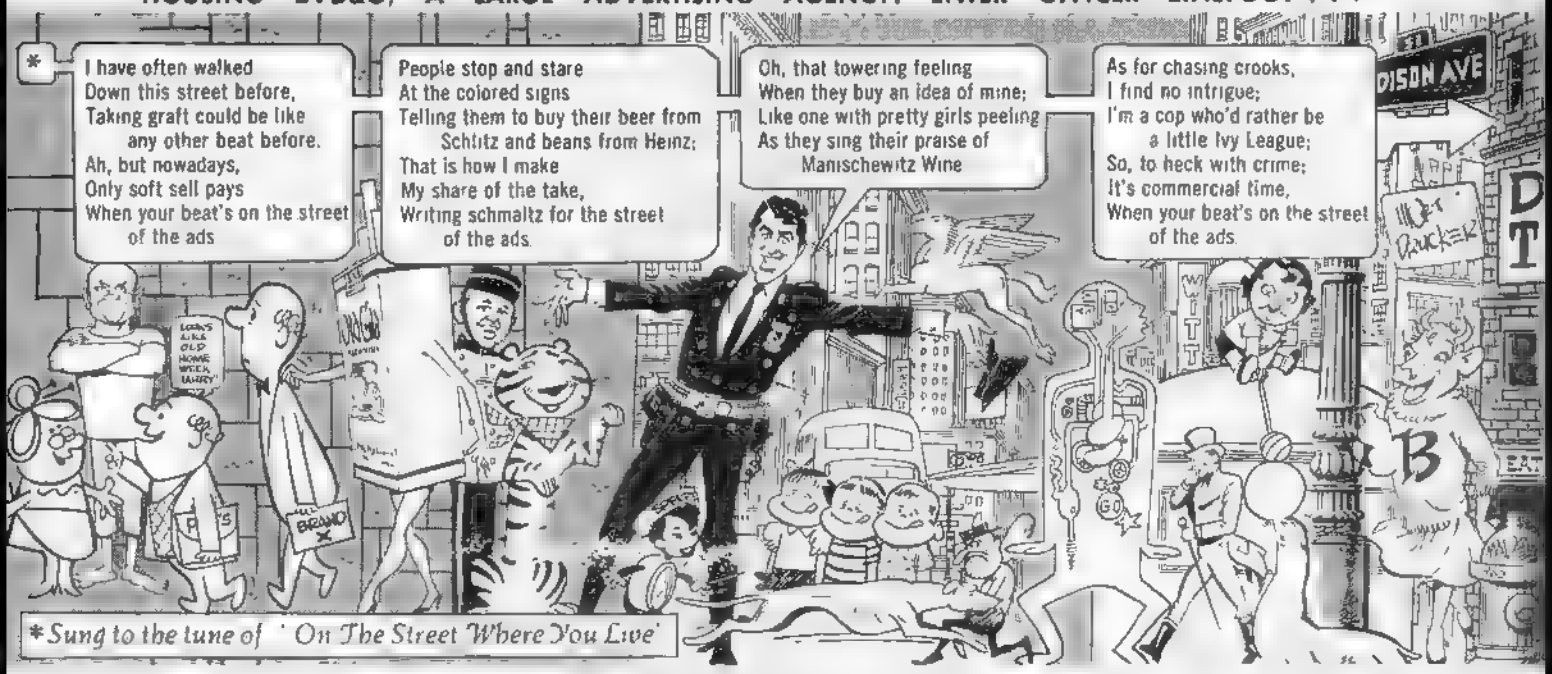
My Fair Ad-Man

BASED ON THE BOOK "YOU'RE A PIG, MALLION"
BY GEORGE BERNARD SCHWARTZ

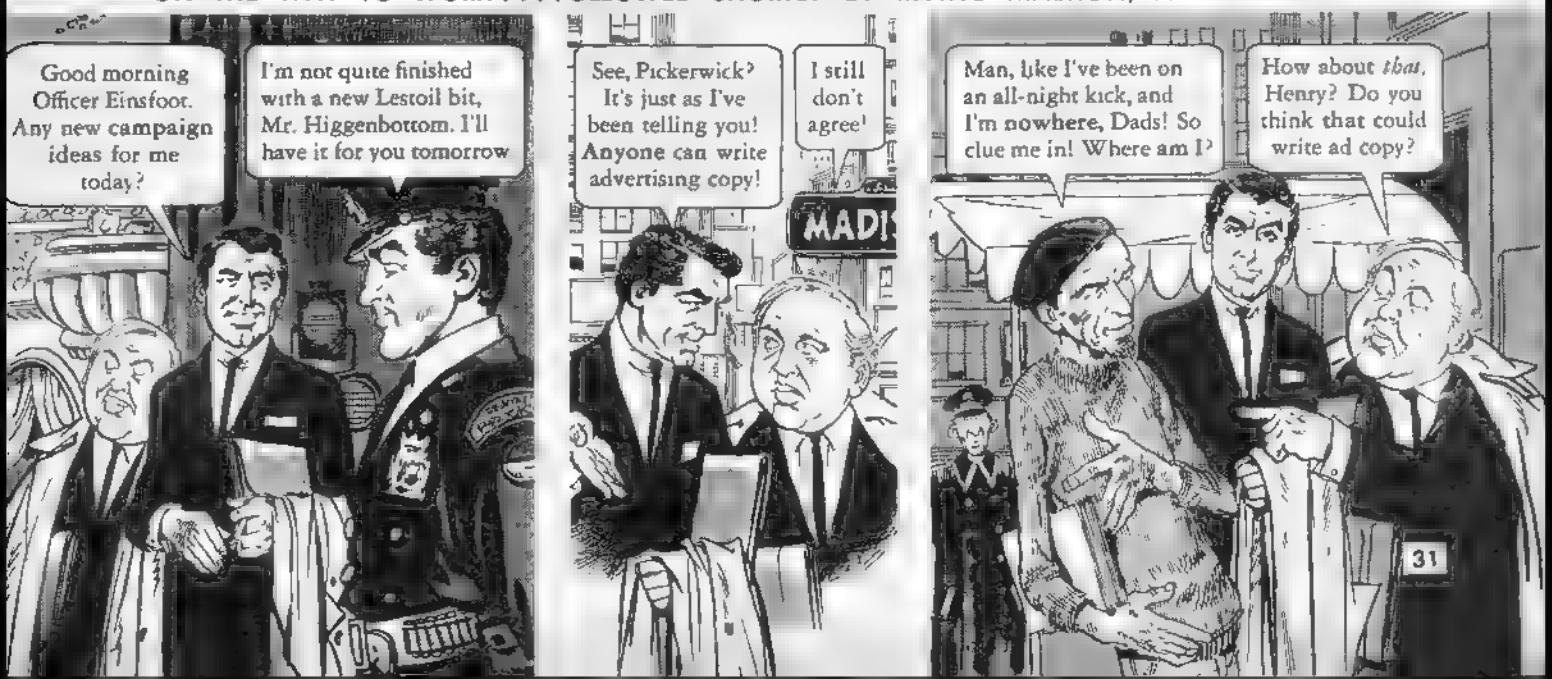
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

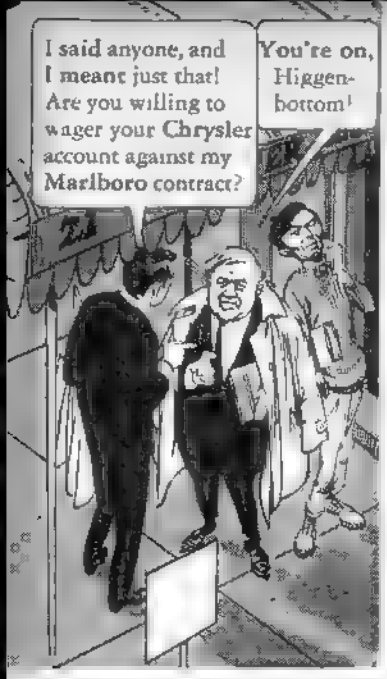
WRITER: NICK MEGLIOLA

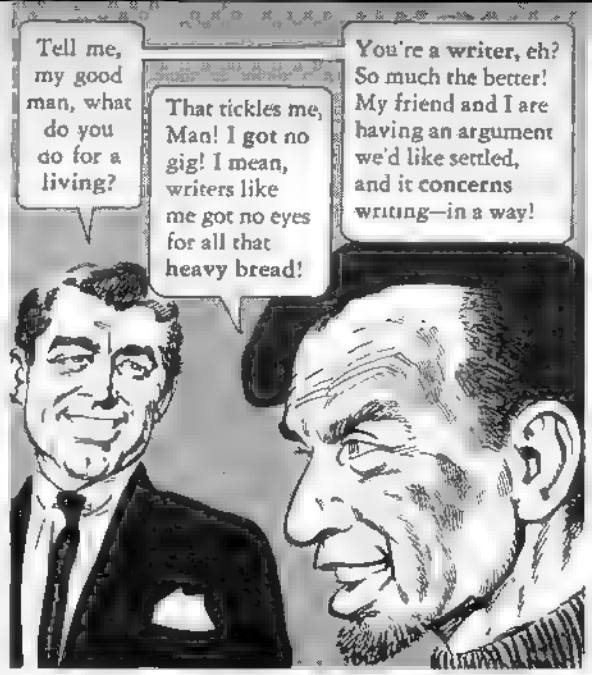
ACT 1, SCENE 1: EARLY MORNING ON MADISON AVENUE, OUTSIDE OFFICE BUILDING HOUSING BVD&O, A LARGE ADVERTISING AGENCY. ENTER OFFICER EINSFOOT . . .

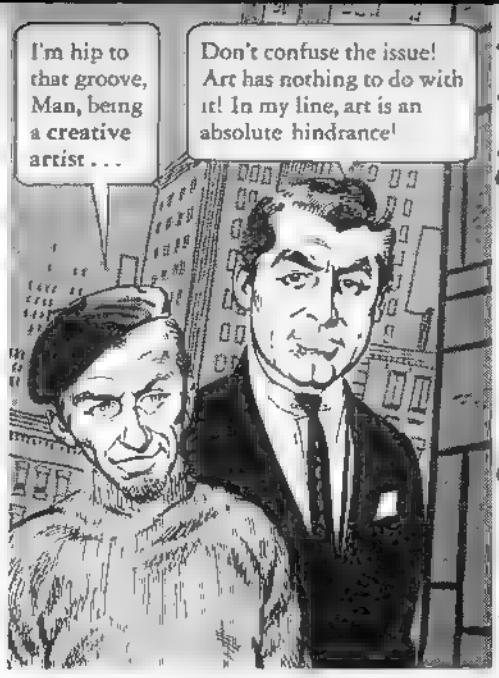


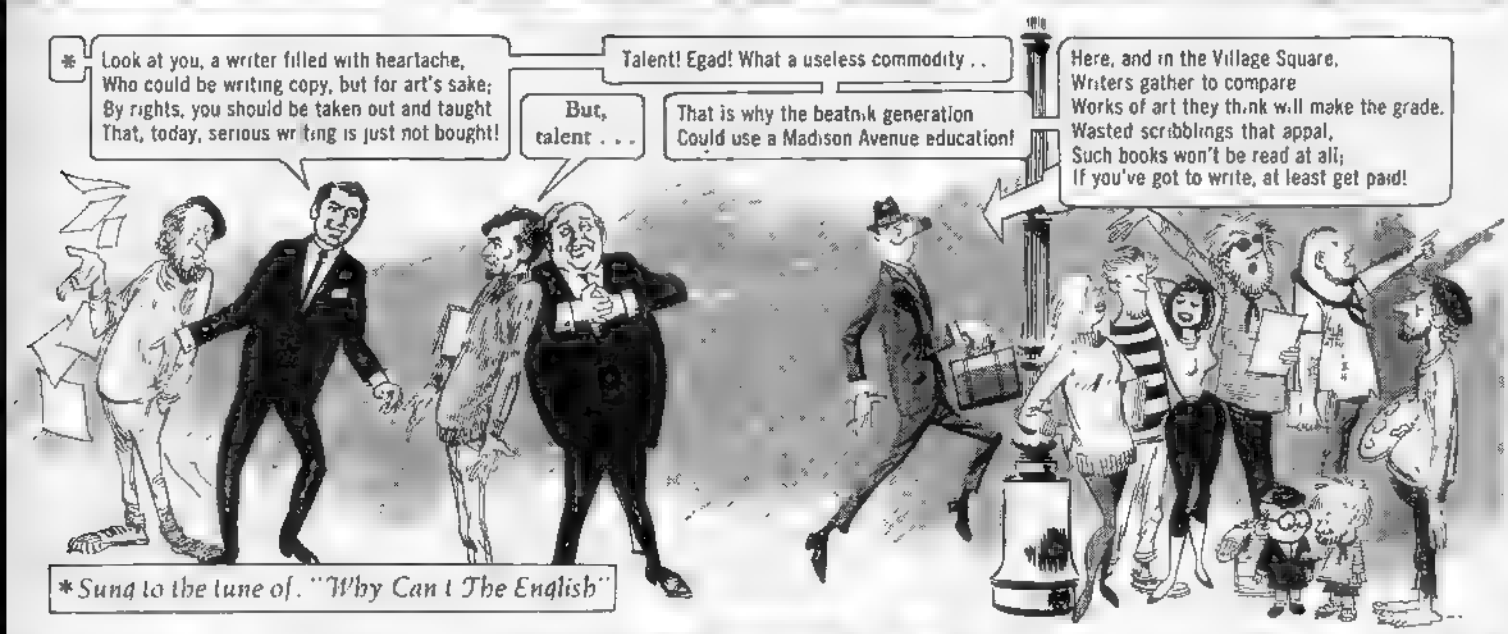
ENTER HENRY HIGGENBOTTOM AND CHARLES PICKERWICK, BVD&O ACCOUNT EXECUTIVES ON THE WAY TO WORK . . . FOLLOWED SHORTLY BY IRVING MALLION, A BEATNIK . . .

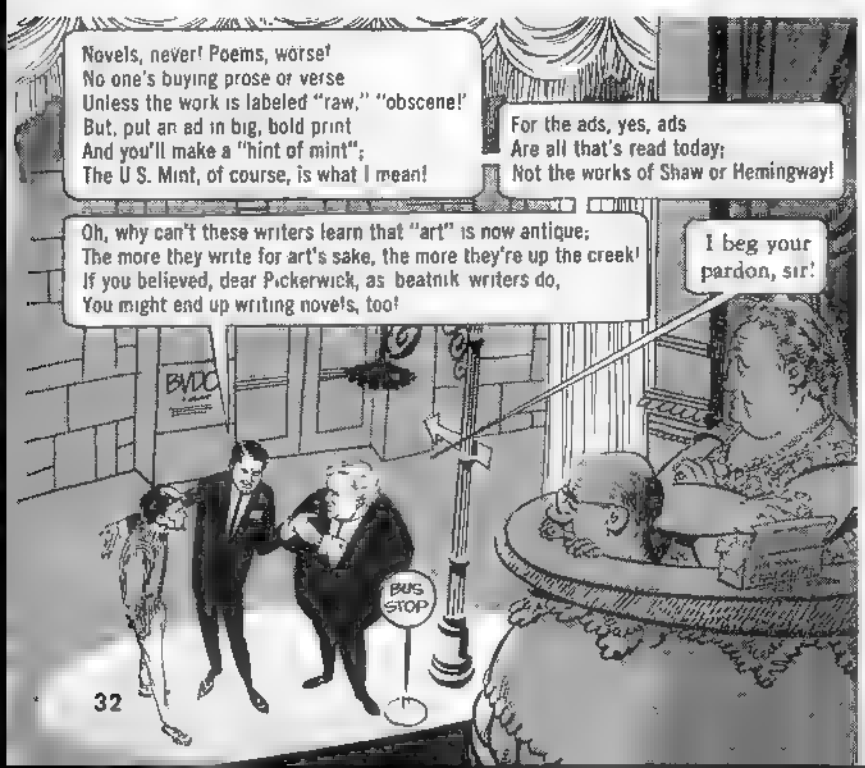


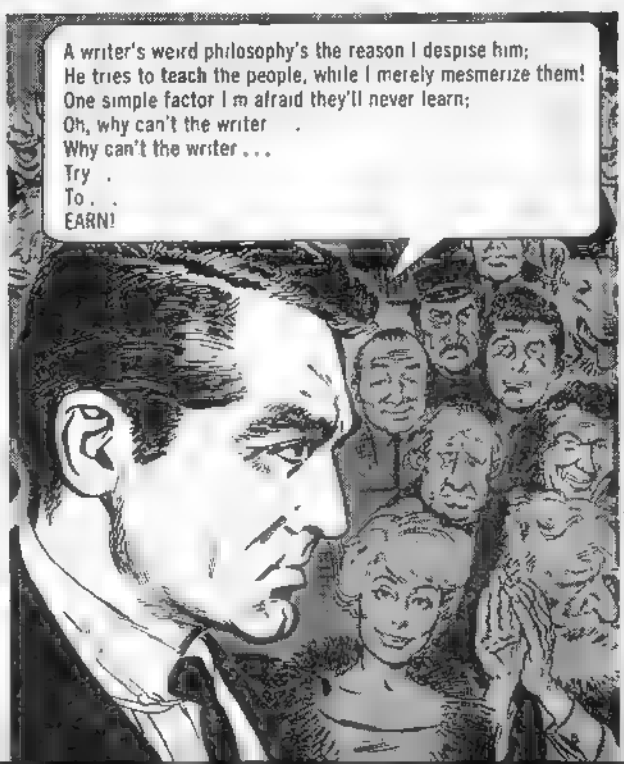

I said anyone, and I meant just that! Are you willing to wager your Chrysler account against my Marlboro contract?
You're on, Higgen-bottom!


Tell me, my good man, what do you do for a living?
That tickles me, Man! I got no gig! I mean, writers like me got no eyes for all that heavy bread!
You're a writer, eh? So much the better! My friend and I are having an argument we'd like settled, and it concerns writing—in a way!


I'm hip to that groove, Man, being a creative artist . . .
Don't confuse the issue! Art has nothing to do with it! In my line, art is an absolute hindrance!


* Look at you, a writer filled with heartache,
Who could be writing copy, but for art's sake;
By rights, you should be taken out and taught
That, today, serious writing is just not bought!
But, talent . . .
Talent! Egad! What a useless commodity . .
That is why the beatnik generation
Could use a Madison Avenue education!
Here, and in the Village Square,
Writers gather to compare
Works of art they think will make the grade.
Wasted scribblings that appal,
Such books won't be read at all;
If you've got to write, at least get paid!
*Sung to the tune of "Why Can't The English"


Novels, never! Poems, worse!
No one's buying prose or verse
Unless the work is labeled "raw," "obscene!"
But, put an ad in big, bold print
And you'll make a "hint of mint";
The U.S. Mint, of course, is what I mean!
For the ads, yes, ads
Are all that's read today;
Not the works of Shaw or Hemingway!
Oh, why can't these writers learn that "art" is now antique;
The more they write for art's sake, the more they're up the creek!
If you believed, dear Pickerwick, as beatnik writers do,
You might end up writing novels, too!
I beg your pardon, sir!
BUS STOP


A writer's weird philosophy's the reason I despise him;
He tries to teach the people, while I merely mesmerize them!
One simple factor I'm afraid they'll never learn;
Oh, why can't the writer . .
Why can't the writer . . .
Try . .
To . .
EARN!

Man, that'll never come on!

Why not? Listen, you'll be well-paid for participating in our little experiment!

Man, you just don't dig me! Like I don't have eyes for that heavy loot, Dad!

I WANT MY MAYPO!

Then what in the name of J. Walter Thompson do you want?

Well, if you gotta be put h.p .

* All I want is a pad somewhere
Way downtown near the Village Square,
Without a phone or care . . .
Oh, wouldn't it be Kerouac!

Lots of coffee, and lots of beer,
Lots of parties that last all year,
With no landlord to fear . . .
Oh, wouldn't it be Kerouac!

Oh, so Kerouac caring nothing
How the world lives on;
I would never budge till it
Was gone, like I mean real gone!

Modern paintings
to set the mood,
They'll look normal
when we get stewed .

And though you'll
think me rude,
Oh, what's this thing
called "Kerouac?"

Kerouac!

Kerouac?

Kerouac!

YOU'RE HATEFUL

* Sung to the tune of "Wouldn't It Be Loverly?"

Kerouac isn't a thing! Kerouac's A person, squares! Jack Kerouac is our leader—our inspiration! He wrote "On The Road!" Man, like I dug that book so much I wrote a sequel to it called "Son Of On The Road," by Irving Mallion!

Would you like it published, Mr. Mallion?

It would groove me the most! I'd give anything!

Would you give me two months?

Crazy, Man!

SON OF ON THE ROAD

Then it's settled! For the next two months, you belong to me. I will provide your food, your lodging, and your clothes, which I will choose! During that time, I will attempt to teach you to become an Ad-Man! At the end of the two months, if you desire to stay, I will get you a good position at BVD&O. If not, I will have your book published, and you will be free to return to your sickening existence. Are you ready to start?

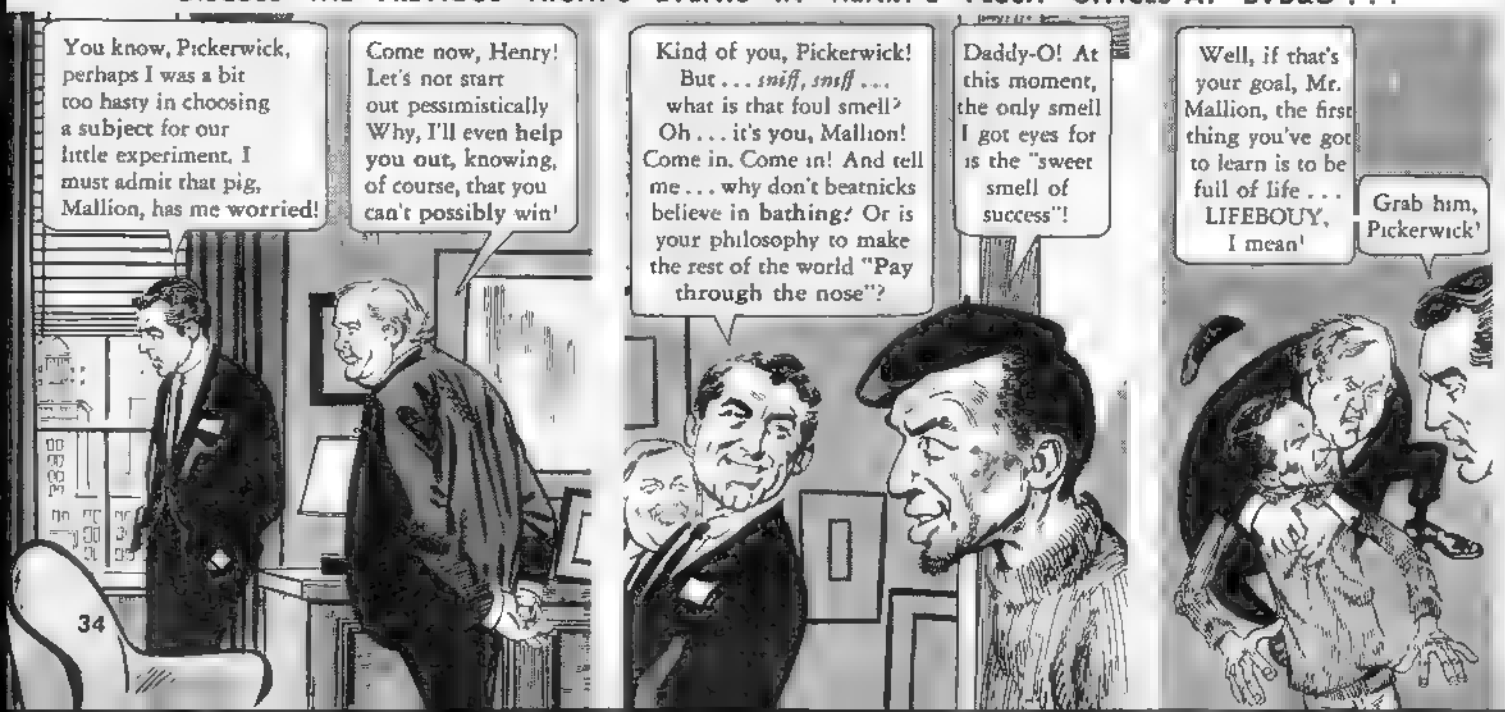
Let me make one more late scene with the cats I dig the most, and I'll glim you in the early bright!

All right, Mallion! I'll see you at 9:00 AM tomorrow!

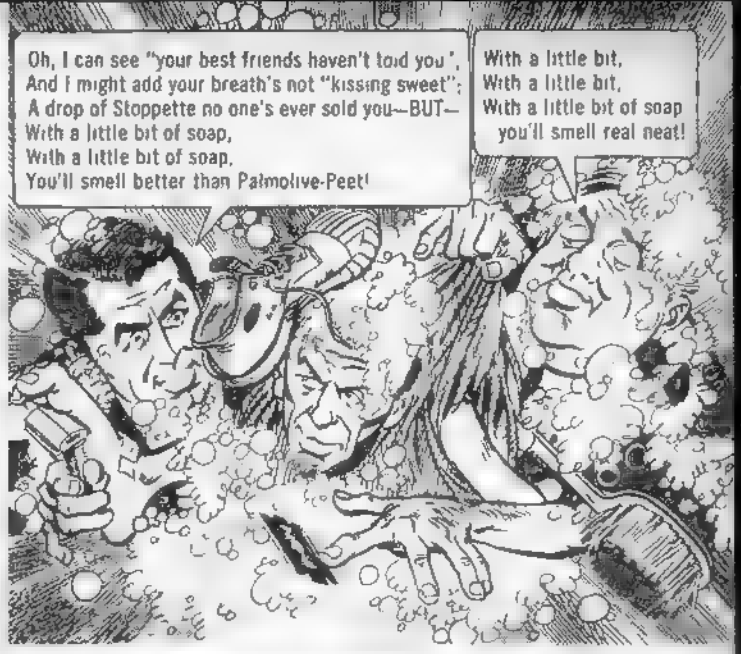
I CAN'T GET A JOB THRO THE NY TIMES!

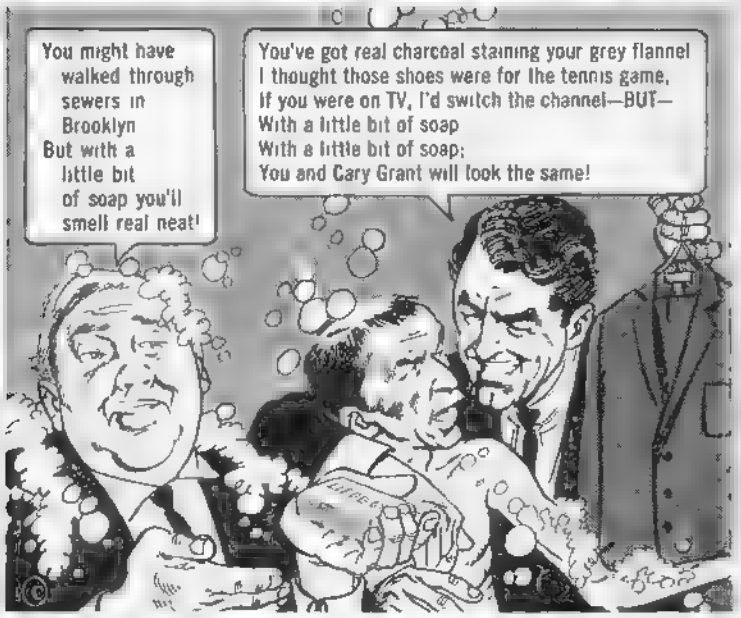
ACT 1, SCENE 2: A CAFE ESPRESSO SHOP IN GREENWICH VILLAGE. IRVING MALLION, THE BEATNIK, IS EXPLAINING THE DEAL TO A GROUP OF HIS SEEDY FRIENDS . . .

ACT 2, SCENE 1: THE NEXT MORNING. HENRY HIGGENBOTTOM AND CHARLES PICKERWICK DISCUSS THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S EVENTS IN HENRY'S PLUSH OFFICES AT BVD&O . . .

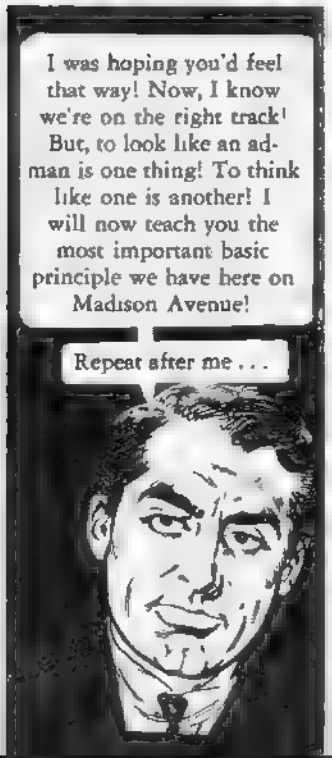


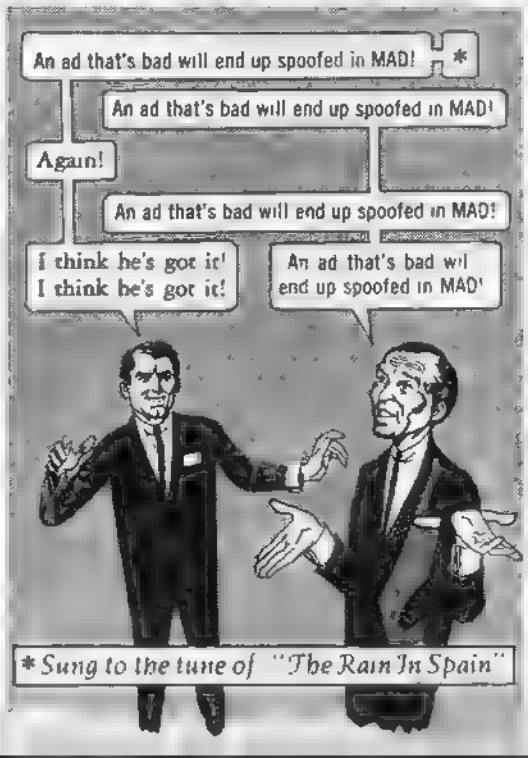
*
You've never had a clean shave or a haircut!
A bigger bum, I never hope to see!
Your taste is sad in choosing what you wear!! BUT—
With a little bit of soap;
With a little bit of soap,
You'll be looking just like him and me!
With a little bit;
With a little bit;
With a little bit of soap
you'll look like we!
* Sung to the tune of "With A Little Bit Of Luck"

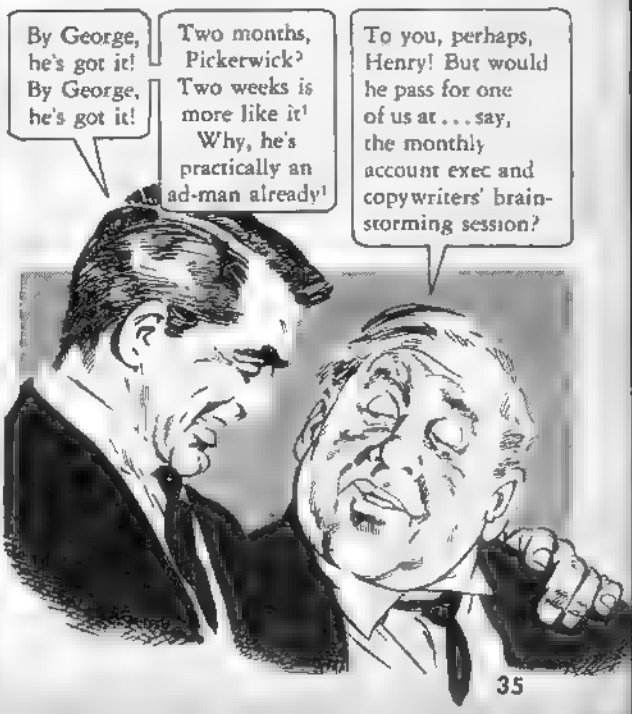

Oh, I can see "your best friends haven't told you",
And I might add your breath's not "kissing sweet";
A drop of Stoppette no one's ever sold you—BUT—
With a little bit of soap,
With a little bit of soap,
You'll smell better than Palmolive-Peet!
With a little bit,
With a little bit,
With a little bit of soap
you'll smell real neat!


You might have walked through sewers in Brooklyn
But with a little bit of soap you'll smell real neat!
You've got real charcoal staining your grey flannel
I thought those shoes were for the tennis game,
If you were on TV, I'd switch the channel—BUT—
With a little bit of soap
With a little bit of soap;
You and Cary Grant will look the same!

With a little bit,
With a little bit;
With a little bit of
LIFEBOUY soap!
Look at yourself, Mallion! Tell me, do you like what you see?
Yecch! I'm disgusting!


I was hoping you'd feel that way! Now, I know we're on the right track! But, to look like an ad-man is one thing! To think like one is another! I will now teach you the most important basic principle we have here on Madison Avenue!
Repeat after me . . .


An ad that's bad will end up spoofed in MAD! *
An ad that's bad will end up spoofed in MAD!
Again!
An ad that's bad will end up spoofed in MAD!
I think he's got it! I think he's got it!
An ad that's bad will end up spoofed in MAD!
* Sung to the tune of "The Rain In Spain"


By George, he's got it! By George, he's got it!
Two months, Pickerwick? Two weeks is more like it! Why, he's practically an ad-man already!
To you, perhaps, Henry! But would he pass for one of us at . . . say, the monthly account exec and copywriters' brain-storming session?

That would be the perfect final test! And the next session is on the 24th . . . three weeks away!

What would I have to do?

Simple! Polish a few apples . . . laugh at some ridiculous jokes. In other words . . . phoney it up! Tell him, Pickerwick

* You'll have to "yes" all night
Every big wheel in sight,
And then "yes-yes" to more;
You'll have to cast your vote
For some half-soused old goat
You'd normally ignore.

You'll quickly learn just how
to do back-slapping,
And how to say what's wrong
is right;
For if you want to stay
To get your weekly pay
You've got to "yes-yes-yes"
all night!

* *Sung to the tune of "I Could Have Danced All Night"*

You'll have to nod your head
To some ideas you dread,
And act like they're just great;
You'll have to say "of course"
Until your throat is hoarse,
To things just second rate

You'll quickly learn why this
field's so obnoxious;
And how to say that black
is white;
To make that cashier's line,
You'll tell them they're just fine,
And then you'll "yes-yes yes"
all night!

Not me, Daddy-O! I won't do it! I can't do it! I'm splitting this crazy scene!

Oh, Mallion . . . remember . . . "Son Of On The Road"?

And so I'll "yes-yes-yes" all night!

SON OF ON THE ROAD

ACT 3, SCENE 1: THREE WEEKS LATER. HIGGENBOTTOM HAS WON HIS BET. MALLION HAS BEEN PASSED OFF AT THE BRAINSTORMING SESSION AS A HEAD COPYWRITER . . .

I can't see why you're so unhappy, Henry! You've won your wager. Mallion was introduced as the head of our Los Angeles copy department, and no one suspected a thing!

That's just it, Pickerwick! We did too good a job on the poor lad! Did you see him, shaking hands with everybody, agreeing with things we know are so completely contrary to his nature. We did him a gross injustice! We ruined him! We found him fresh and clean . . . and we

Fresh and clean?

Yes! Not in the physical sense, perhaps, but his mind was fresh and clean, free of the falseness of our world. And we threw him into it . . . chin deep!

Good morning, Henry, Charles! If you have a moment, I'd like to discuss our little experiment!

Don't bother, Mallion! We understand completely! I want you to know that I'm sorry I got you mixed up in this madness . . . and that I'll start making it up to you immediately by calling a publisher friend of mine. Your novel will be printed, and you'll be free to return to your old life as soon as you wish!

Return to my old life? Are you fellows out of your minds? Who needs it?

*I've grown accustomed to this place;
It's clear that I was once a goon,
I've grown accustomed to the boys
Who "con" you with their poise;
The "spot";
The "ad";
Accounts I pad
Are second nature to me now,
Like sipping scotch all afternoon.

You see, I've grown to be dependent
on my clothes from Italy;
The snide remarks and insults
I now make so wittily;

I've grown accustomed
to the life,
Accustomed to the dough;
Accustomed to this place.

MADISON AVE
DON'T WALK RUN!
PAY NOW WORRY LATER

*Sung to the tune of: "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face"

Hear that, Pickerwick? And you said "it couldn't be done"!

You surprise me, Maliion! But what about your manuscript?

Burn it!

Then, I guess this musical is just about over!

Not quite! We've still got our reprise!

That's right! Shall we! A—one . . . A—two . . .

*We are the famous men who bring you
Ads that we know you all adore:
Luckies and Camels,
Dutch Boy Enamels,
And forty billion billion more.

You have to read them in your papers;
You have to watch them on TV;
We flood the nation:
Reach saturation;
On this we know you all agree.

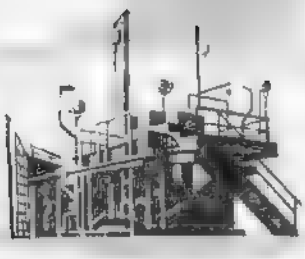
If you don't listen,
we don't care, friend;
We'll go subliminal
and get you in the end!

'Cause we are the guys who make commercials;
Here is our stirring battle song:
"We do the lying;
You do the buying!"
And now we bid you all . . .
And now we bid you all . . .
And now we bid you all . . .
So . . . Long

*Sung to the tune of: "Get Me To The Church On Time"

SPATIAL DELIVERY DEPT.

A few months back, the newspapers ran stories about the launching of a U.S. mail-carrying rocket. According to postal authorities, this experiment will lead to many things. We agree — it surely will lead to many things — all bad! Mainly, if the



MAIL BY

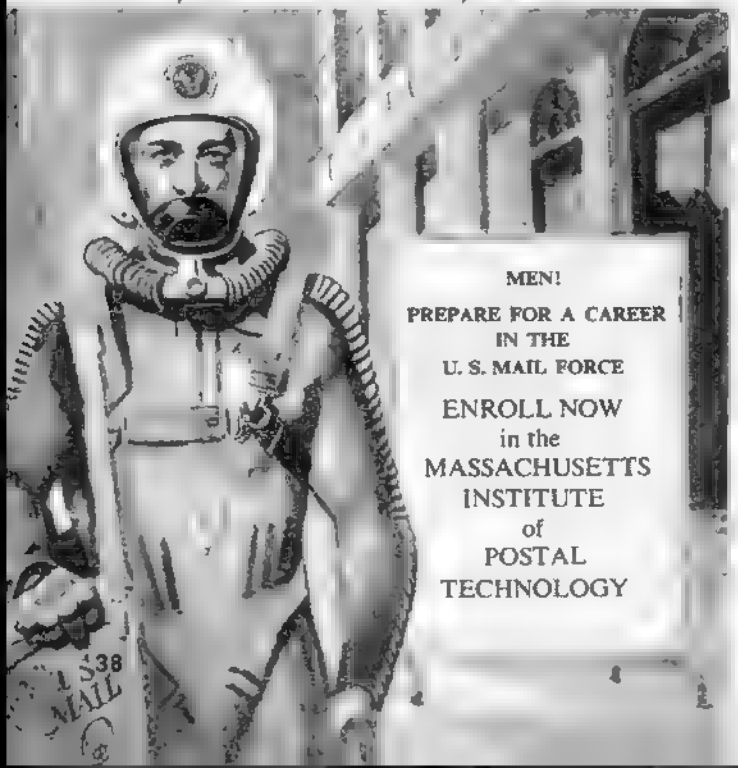
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

HERE ARE SOME OF THE PROBLEMS WE CAN EXPECT

With our luck in rocketry, we'll need expanded facilities to handle the rush of business at the dead letter office

Mail by missile will create inconveniences for the public, especially those who forgot to follow postal regulations.

This added glamour will bring strong demands by postmen for costly new uniforms (and costly new salaries to match).



Out over the Western plains, there'll be a revival of the old-fashioned art of mail robbery (by "Skywaymen," yet!).

government's involved, there's sure to be plenty of goofs. And anyhow, what's the point of delivering mail faster, when the mail most of us get these days shouldn't even be delivered at all? The whole country's in for trouble once we start sending

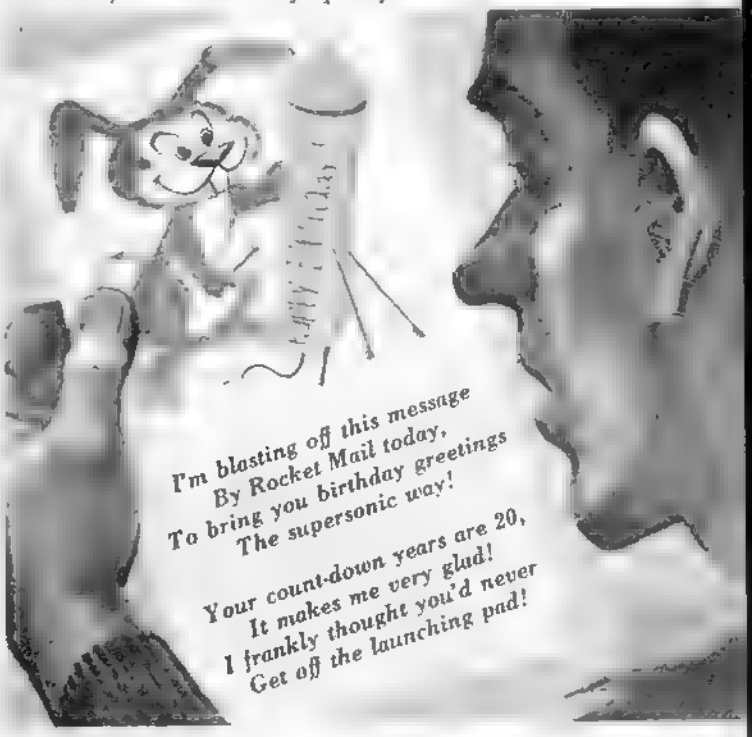
MISSILE

ONCE THIS METHOD OF MAIL DELIVERY IS ADOPTED

WRITER: SY REIT

It will mean new headaches (and possibly other new aches) for stamp collectors, due to radioactivity in outer space.

This new method of mail delivery will bring a change (for the worse) in the literary quality of cards and letters.



And that's just the beginning! Because the first time one of those furshlugginer mail rockers accidentally goes off course . . .

WE'RE REALLY IN FOR TROUBLE!

"Look how popular I am since I started reading MAD!!"

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

Our maddest artist, Don Martin, had alway dreamed of rescuing a damsel in distress. The closest he came was handing his wife a bottle of Pepto-Bismol. And then, last week, he got his opportunity . . . his chance to be

THE HERO

YESTERDAY

TODAY

THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR ILLS DEPT.

WE ARE ALL FAMILIAR WITH THE MARVELOUS ADVANCES THAT MEDICAL SCIENCE HAS ACHIEVED IN THE LABORATORY . . . BUT HOW MANY OF US EVER STOP TO THINK ABOUT THE MARVELOUS ADVANCES MADE BY OUR WONDERFUL FRIEND . . . THE FAMILY DOCTOR? IN THIS ARTICLE, MAD CAREFULLY EXPLORES THE . . .

DOCTORS' PROGRESS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

In the old days, distance was a serious problem. Patients often had to cover long miles to reach a doctor, and this resulted in many dangerous . and even fatal . . . delays.

Today, the telephone immediately spans long distances and reaches the doctor's office, where the nurse can tell you how many days you'll have to wait before you can see him.

In the old days, waiting rooms were small, uncomfortable, and offered no diversion, such as magazines, to quiet the nerves of the anxious patients waiting to see the doctor.

Today, the busy physician includes a large, comfortably-furnished, modern waiting room as a part of his offices, which makes the ordeal of getting sick almost a pleasure.

"Stop it, Henry! What kind of a girl do you think I am!"

In the old days, the lack of up-to-date medical equipment made it difficult for the doctor to administer properly to the patient who came to him with any serious problem.

Nowadays, excellent equipment is available to the General Practitioner, only he doesn't have it! Instead, he sends his patients to the guys who do . . . THE SPECIALISTS!

In the old days, a day off for a doctor was rare, and if it was taken, was particularly rough on his patients who had no way of reaching him should an emergency case arise

Today, no matter where the doctor goes, he can remain in constant touch with his office to advise emergency cases which arise that he's operating, and find another doctor!

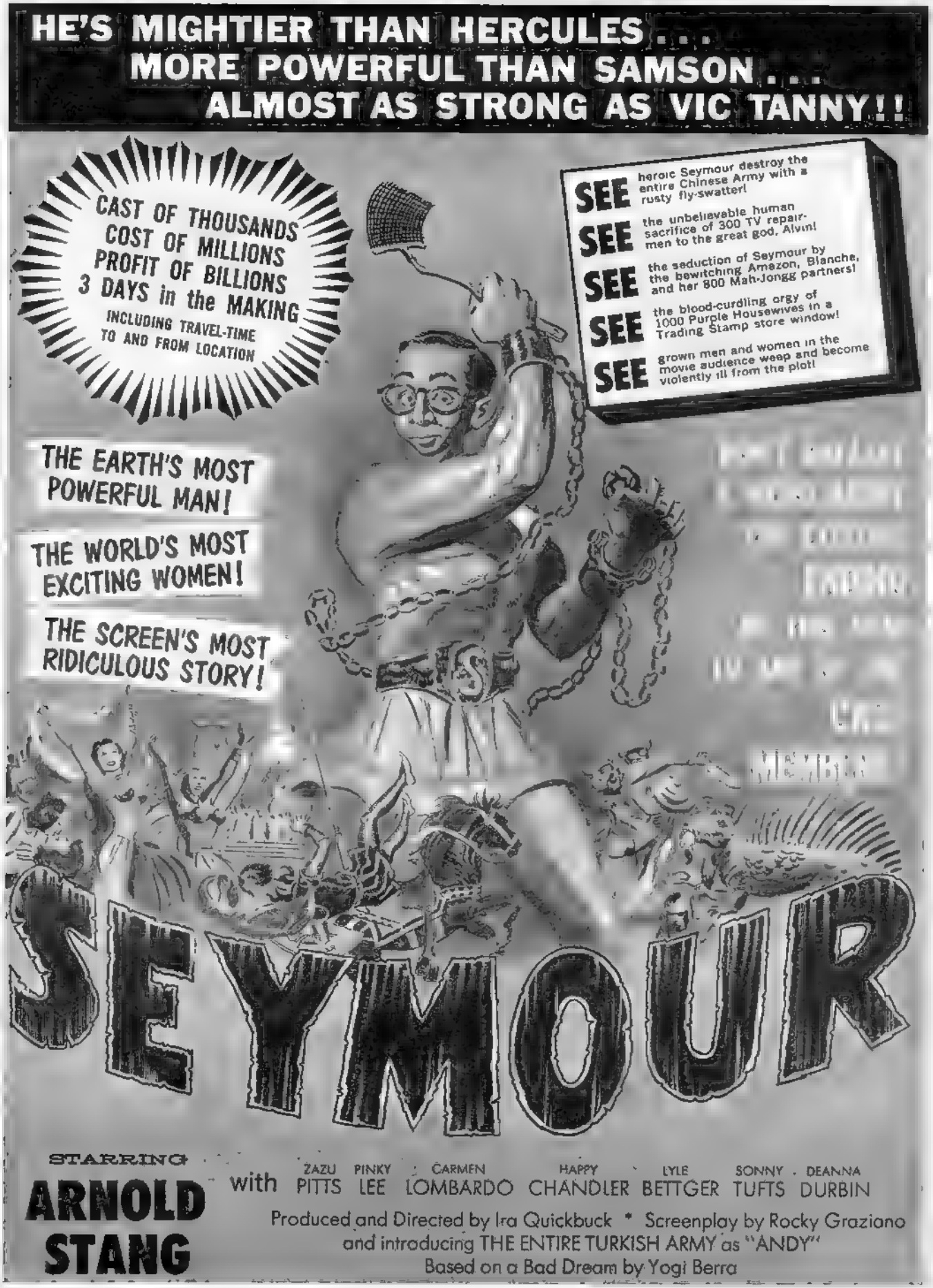
In the old days, the doctor's bill took a long time to be settled. Mail was slow, and often he forgot to send one, so the patient usually had to remember to pay it himself.

Today, our modern billing methods, fast mail service, and mainly collection agencies, lawyers, and courts make this, the doctor's most important activity, quick and efficient.

STARS AND TRIPE FOREVER DEPT.

A couple of issues back, we confessed that MAD wasn't the funniest magazine on the newsstands today. We said that those serious Teenage magazines were much funnier. Well, now we've got another confession to make: mainly, we were wrong! Those serious Teenage magazines aren't the funniest magazines on the newsstands today, either. Those serious Movie magazines are even funnier! Judge for yourself, gang, with our version of an issue of . . .

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL


HE'S MIGHTIER THAN HERCULES . . .
MORE POWERFUL THAN SAMSON . . .
ALMOST AS STRONG AS VIC TANNY!!
CAST OF THOUSANDS
COST OF MILLIONS
PROFIT OF BILLIONS
3 DAYS in the MAKING
INCLUDING TRAVEL-TIME TO AND FROM LOCATION
SEE heroic Seymour destroy the entire Chinese Army with a rusty fly-swatter!
SEE the unbelievable human sacrifice of 300 TV repairmen to the great god, Alvin!
SEE the seduction of Seymour by the bewitching Amazon, Blanche, and her 800 Mah-Jongg partners!
SEE the blood-curdling orgy of 1000 Purple Housewives in a Trading Stamp store window!
SEE grown men and women in the movie audience weep and become violently ill from the plot!
THE EARTH'S MOST POWERFUL MAN!
THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING WOMEN!
THE SCREEN'S MOST RIDICULOUS STORY!
SEYMOUR
STARRING
ARNOLD STANG
with ZAZU PITTS PINKY LEE CARMEN LOMBARDO HAPPY CHANDLER LYLE BETTGER SONNY TUFTS DEANNA DURBIN
Produced and Directed by Ira Quickbuck * Screenplay by Rocky Graziano
and introducing THE ENTIRE TURKISH ARMY as "ANDY"
Based on a Bad Dream by Yogi Berra

MY EXCLUSIVE HOLLYWOOD

By Louella Parsnips

It's a Spring divorce for beaming Biff Bopp and lovely Kim Storch (his 18th, her 11th), shown here at Ciro's. Biff's next wife, Zelda, is waiting outside in the car.

Sharp-eyed honor students from Hollywood High School's Current Events class spot a famous world figure at the recent premier of "I Was A Teenage Chicken-Plucker."

I can't tell you how excited I am about the way lovely Dibbie Raynors has bounced back after her recent tragic divorce. Right now, Dibbie is the "dating-est" gal in town. Since 9:00 A.M. this morning, she's already dated Arnold J. Lovelace, Lyle Bettger, Georgie Jessel, Slats Fazzuli, her Laundry Man, her Gardener, and a wandering "I-Cash-Clothes" man named Irwin. And the amazing thing is: Dibbie has a whole afternoon and evening ahead of her! Good work, Dib!

Ignore all those ugly, disgraceful, and disgusting rumors that vicious people around here keep spreading about the Tab Bentleys and their two-week-old marriage. Take it from me, they're definitely getting a divorce!

Naomi Pfefferman, the fabulous 14-year old actress who has been Number-One Hollywood Screen Star for almost three years now, got the scare of her life last Wednesday. Somebody at the studio told her that she might have to make a movie! Fortunately, it was just one of those practical jokes. For which all of us who know and love Naomi are grateful.

I'm glad to see that handsome young screen sensation, Paul Umlaut, is not one to let his folks down. Paul resolved to have his elderly parents live much closer to him than they had been, just as soon as he made it big here in Hollywood. And so, last week, devoted son, Paul, moved his mother and father out of their one-room tenement flat in the Bronx, and into their brand new home . . . a one-room tenement flat in Chicago.

***"You Never Know In Show Biz" Dept.*: Only six short months ago, young hopeful, Tab Sfortz, was an usher in New York's Paramount Theater. Today, Tab is an usher in New York's Capitol Theater.**

Hats off to Edd "Kookie" Byrnes for being a great American patriot. Last week, "Kookie" bought himself the biggest swimming pool in California . . . "The Pacific Ocean." But patriotic "Kookie" is allowing the United States Navy free use of his swimming pool for naval maneuvers next summer. I'm proud of you, "Kookie."

Nobody could be happier than I to learn that Rock 'n Roll great, Frankie Avalon, has landed the starring role in the forthcoming film, "The End of the World by Atomic Radiation." Because of the serious nature of this picture, Frankie has agreed to sing only 41 songs, many of which will be in a slow, serious tempo.

Ingrate Dept.: Since I am the most important single individual here in Hollywood, and the second most important person in the whole world (I believe Hedda Hopper might outrank me by a hair!), I want to say that this is the last time I'll ever give newlyweds Piper Pepper and Pupi Pappy permission to get married. Not only did they have the gall to evict me from their honeymoon cottage after I'd spent only 13 days with them, but they had the effrontery to make me sleep in a separate room. I say: Pooh-pooh to Pupi and Piper!

There's never a dull moment in Hollywood with fun-loving playboy-actor Hugh Tsardis around. Last night, Hugh dynamited the Black Derby Restaurant, killing 234 people, many of whom were former wives of his. Hugh, when are you going to grow up?

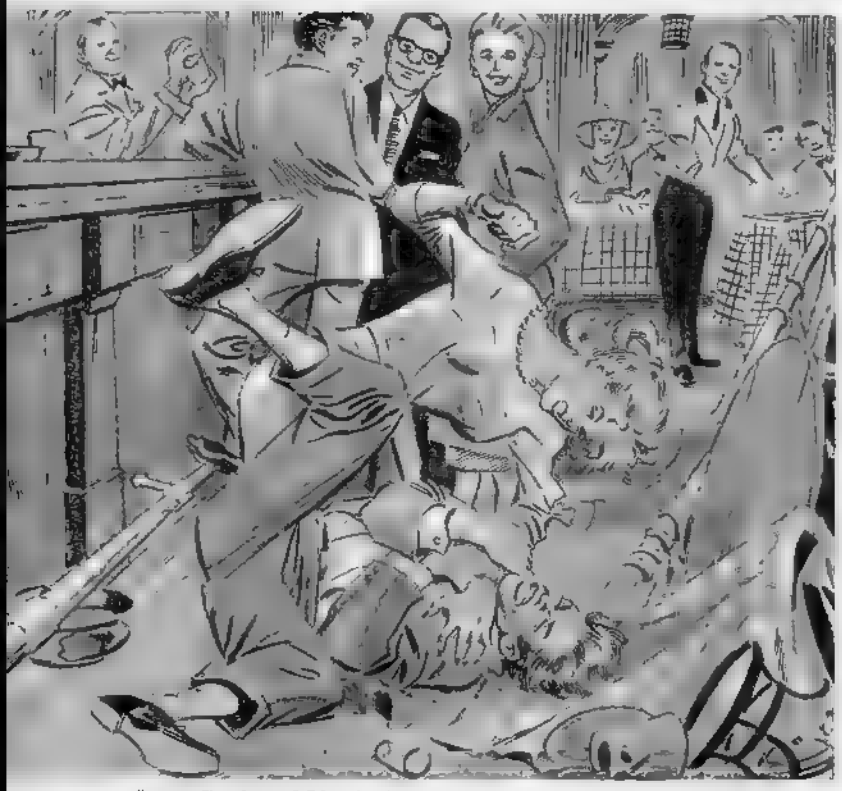
That's all for this month from My Exclusive Hollywood. Next month, the juicy details on how I didn't let 12 different Hollywood couples get married. Also, exciting photos of six of them down on their knees begging me.

The Magic Is Gone From Our Divorce

What was hailed as the most successful Hollywood divorce of the year 1957 has turned into an uncomfortable happy marriage for two warm, wonderful people who are now desperately trying to find out what went wrong and why!

by Lance Boyle

AS TOLD TO GLORIETTE DIRT



Lance Boyle and Phoebe Bebe in happier days, when everybody thought their once-in-a-lifetime divorce would last forever.

When no-talent starlet, Phoebe Bebe, and I filed suit for divorce a few years ago, you couldn't find two happier people in all of Hollywood, except maybe our Press Agents. True, both of us had been divorced from other people before, but *this* divorce, we felt, would last forever. How little we knew what the future would bring!

Everything was wonderful for a few months. Phoebe and I separated, ignored one another, and even lived in different States. If ever we did meet, we would hit, kick, curse, and throw things, just like any typical divorced Hollywood couple. Our screenland friends and movie fans were very happy for us.

And then, one day, it happened. How? Who knows? How do any of these things happen? A kind word you didn't mean to say. A laugh instead of a sneer. An accidental kiss, instead of a punch in the mouth. All that Phoebe and I knew, suddenly, to our horror, was: OUR DIVORCE WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE!

Oh, we tried everything to save it. We visited Hollywood psychiatrists who specialize in breaking up marriages. We double-dated with happily-divorced Hollywood couples in their broken homes. We took comfort at their youngsters, each of whom could visit upwards of eight parents apiece on any given weekend. But it was no use. WE WERE HEADED FOR A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE, AND THERE WAS NOTHING EITHER OF US COULD DO ABOUT IT!

I don't have to go into detail about our getting back together again, our second honeymoon, and the arrival of our two children. The memory is too painful.

But now, what of the future? Phoebe and I have made up our minds. We're going to really settle down and take one more crack at a divorce. And we hope and pray that, this time, it will work.

Not so much for ourselves. But for our children's sake.

REVIEWING THE MOVIES

★★★★★ Fantastically Fabulous
★★★★ Merely Fabulous
★★★ Superb, but not Fabulous
★★ Excellent, but not Superb
★ Magnificent, but not Excellent
A—Recommended for Adults and Children
B—Recommended for Children and Adults
C—Recommended for Adults, Children, and Pets

★★★★★ **MARVIN MEETS THE ANTEATER MAN**—Fabian, a Rock 'n Roll UN Secretary General, sets out through the deadly North Bronx Swamp to build a radioactive Monopoly set. Spring Byington provides the love interest. A rollicking, romantic comedy. **(B)**

★★★★ **SOPHIE GOES TO WAR**—Based on the historical true life of the world-famous explorer-philosopher-raconteur, Tuesday Weld, this exciting drama will make you laugh, cry, and itch in spots. Starring Marjorie Main (as Tuesday), William Bendix (as Wednesday), and Arnold J. Lovelace (as himself). **(C)**

★★★★★ **THE LAST ANGRY CHICKEN-PLUCKER**—Against fearsome odds, Dr. Frankie Avalon, a Rock 'n Roll surgeon, fights to save Disneyland from the threat of a serious athlete's foot epidemic. Bette Davis plays his mixed-up teen-age daughter, Thursday. **(C)**

★★★ **THEY CAME TO THE A & P**—Civil War General Gary Crosby saves a frightened corporal (Brigitte Bardot) from a firing squad by impersonating President Eisenhower. Ulysses S. Grant plays Tommy Sands as a boy. A heart-stirring drama. **(A)**

★★★ **LADY CHATTERLEY'S ACCOUNTANT**—When an accountant named Irving (Ricky Nelson) discovers that his lovely client (Jane Darwell) owes $2.89 in back taxes on her two-million-acre ranch, the fun really begins. Ricky and Jane sing 56 hit songs, some with accompanying music. Also starring Melvin, the Wonder Horse, who sings 3 hit songs. A first class science-fiction thriller. **(A,B,C)**

DEAR SHELDON

If you have any questions about Hollywood that you'd like answered, simply address them to: *Dear Sheldon*, MOVIE LAND MAGAZINE, *Direct From The Heart Of Hollywood*, Box 12, Passaic, New Jersey. Sorry, but we only print the most interesting queries. Unless we happen to know the answers to the dull ones.

Q: What ever happened to the great character actor **Harvey Zucker?** I haven't seen him since the memorable pyramid-building scene in "The Ten Commandments," in which he carried a pebble.

J. A., DOVER, DEL.

A: *Harvey is on his way to bigger things. In "Ben Hur," he carries a rock.*

Q: My wife claims that the gruesome mechanical man who got his head torn open during the Horror Movie on The Late Show last night was **Boris Karloff.** I claim it was **Doris Day.** Who is right?

B. V., MADISON, WISC.

A: *Neither of you are right, because there was no Horror Movie on The Late Show last night. You were probably watching a Horror Headache Commercial.*

Q: I know that **Tony Curtis** is not his real name. Can you tell me what he is actually known by to his family?

R. S., SEATTLE, WASH.

A: *His children refer to him as "Daddy."*

Q: Is it true that the forthcoming film, "The Supreme Court Story," will star the three **McGuire Sisters?** Since this movie will deal with men, this sounds hard to believe.

C.S., QUINCY, ILL.

A: *It sure does. Actually, the film will star the Three Stooges.*

Q: What Academy Awards did that excellent Rock 'n Roll movie, **"You're Nuthin' But A Houn' Dog,"** win last year?

R. E., LANSING, MICH.

A: *Best Foreign Sounds In An English-Speaking Picture; Best Screenplay By A Seven-Year-Old Boy: and Best Screen Story Adaptation From A Chinese Laundry Ticket.*

Q: I am the President of an international organization of atomic scientists, physicists, physiotherapists, Nobel Prize winners, astronautical engineers, and philosophers. How can I get in touch with the Sage of Hollywood, Miss **Tuesday Weld,** so that she can lecture us on some interesting topic next month.

B. V., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A: *Tuesday is on the East Coast now, so you're in luck. Write her c/o Department of World Enlightenment, United Nations, N.Y.C.*

Q: I'm just crazy about that dynamic new actor, **Rock Cowznofski.** Could you answer some important questions about him for me? Like; does he carry out his garbage in a paper bag? What does he like better on Pizza, anchovies or sausage? Which side of his face does he shave first? Does he ever get hay fever? Has he got an aunt named Yetta? And what's his next picture?

G. B., BATON ROUGE, LA.

A: *Honestly, the nosiness and sheer nerve of some of you movie fans simply amazes me! Why on earth could you possibly want to know something as personal as the name of his next picture?*

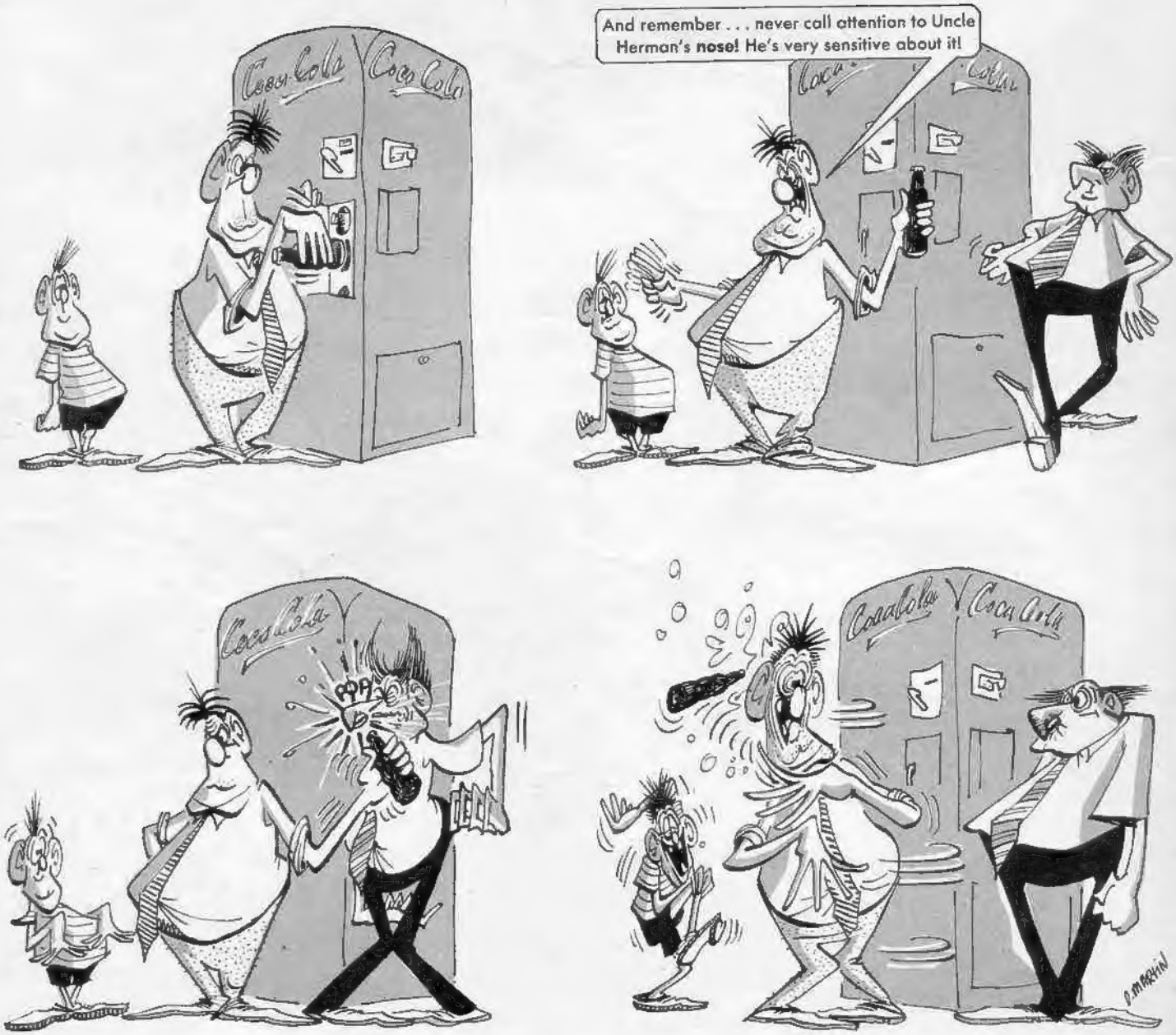
Q: Last month, **MOVIE LAND** Magazine actually was stupid enough to write a story about someone named **Cary Grant!** What's the idea of wasting valuable space on unknown actors, when there are so many Hollywood Stars around, like: **Ricky Nelson, Tommy Sands, Tuesday Weld, Fabian, Sandra Dee,** and **Arnold J. Lovelace?** Do you realize that an article like that could put you out of business? I think your Editor is an idiot!

B. F., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

A: *Since this is our last issue, I can safely say that I agree with you!*

For his parting shot, Don Martin recalls the time he visited his Daddy's office, and learned all about the business . . . of

UNCLE HERMAN AND THE COKE MACHINE



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This delightful chalk-white, bisque china bust of Alfred E. Neuman, our "What—Me Worry?" kid, will add a **"MAD"** note to your home, mainly that note of hysteria when your friends see it. Here is an attractive decoration for your desk, mantel, book shelf, or garbage pail. Use it as a centerpiece for your tropical fish tank . . . or a place to park wads of chewing gum . . . or as a conversation piece to end all conversation. If you're looking for a collector's item, here is an item that will really collect . . . dust!

Comes in two sizes: **5½"** and **3¾"**. Act Today! Introduce a little laughter into your homelife!

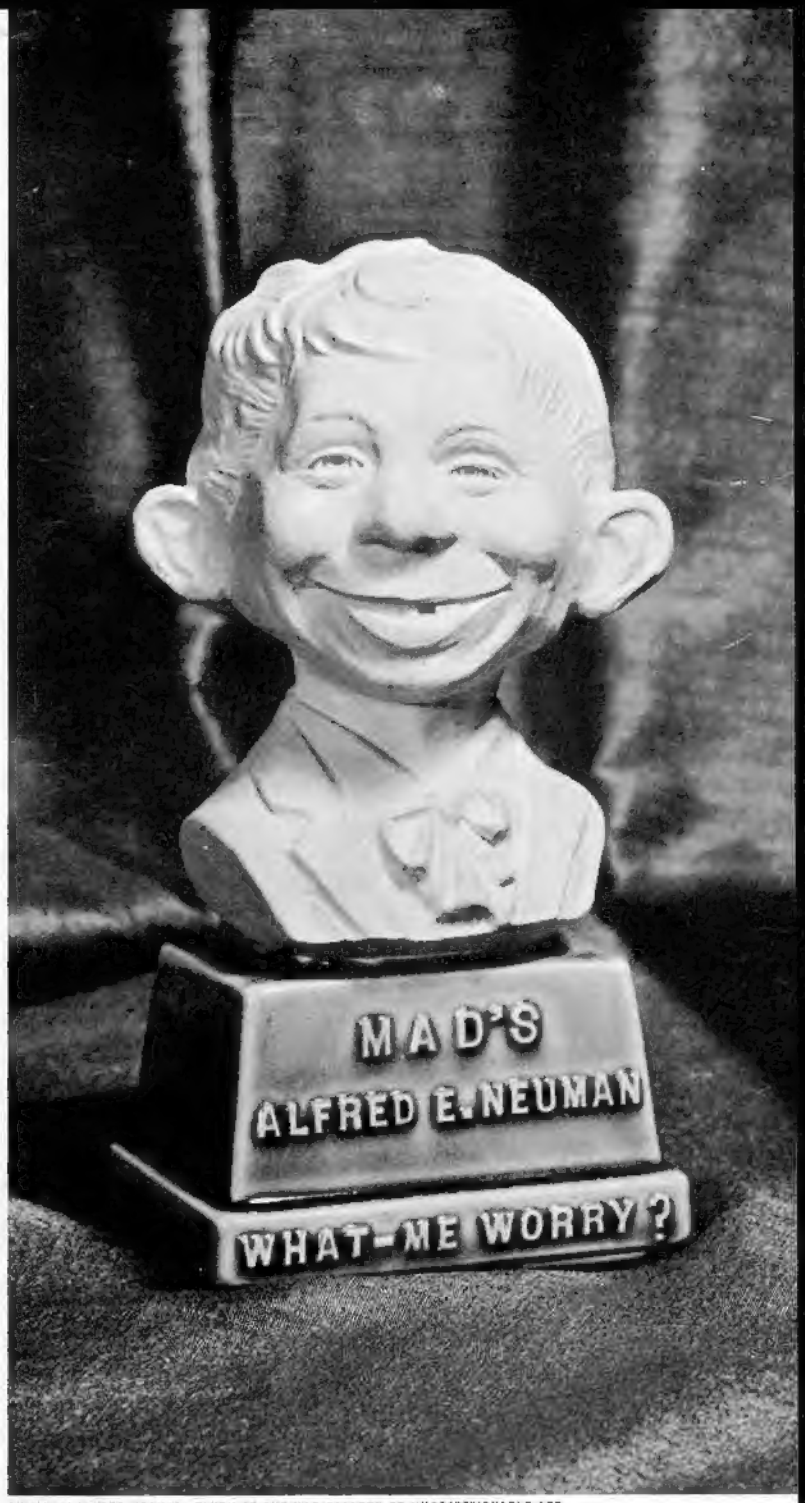

PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS, TAKEN AT THE MAD GALLERY OF UNOBJECTIONABLE ART

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Aspire contains licorice, caviar, chocolate, caramel, molasses, borscht, halavah and Moxie in a base of chicken fat. So make it a habit to apply Aspire Boot-Lick Polish next time you shine up to The Man in Command.

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